THE Eyght Tragedie of Seneca, Entituled AGAMEMNON. Translated out of Latin into English, by *Iohn Studley*, Student in Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge.

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¶ In Agamemnona Senecae Thomæ Newcei.

NOn secus ac rostro crudelis vultur, obunco,
Caucaseirodit iecur immortale promethei,
Inuida mens stolidi, vitio contorta perenni,
Derogat assidue famam nomenq́ merentis.
Cum legis hanc igitur, si quicquã versio ridet,
Non quid verba velint, sed quid res ipsa, videto:
Sanguine spumantes pateras, cum mente reuoluit,
Sæuit in Atridem mens impia sænit adultri.
Et Deus Atream patris de crimine, prolem
Perdit: et iniustæ tollunt Agamemnona, parcæ.
Debuit exemplum quosuis terrere superbos:
Et, cuiuis, opus hoc iuuenis, laudare molestum.
Sed si turba ruant in quæuis æquora præceps,
Flumine pæmarum iusto, Deus obruet illos.

¶ Uppon the same, to the same, the verses of the same.

SItth frends to frends do frẽdly graũt
in frednly cases muche,
And I perceaued that hys cause,
and hys request was suche:

How that, to paynfull laboured ſtaffe
my mynd I woldc anner:
And do but as his watched worke,
whych he doth here conter
Deſerues: when as the Poets crab-
bed ſtyle I wayd arygbt:
And ſaw how well, and ſaw how apt
and feetly he dyd wryte:
How hydden ſtoryes oft he ſhowes,
to make his poet playne:
(So as in double offyce he
might ſeeme for to remayne)
As ſometyme barely to expound,
to cõment ſometyme eke,
So that to vnderſtand this booke,
ye neede no farther ſeeke:)
This well deſerued worke of hys,
when as I weyed well,
And partly knew hys fyled frame,
as other men can tell,
And wholly knew his ſpringing youth,
and yeares for age yet greene,
So that dame Natures graue aray,
on face was ſcarcely ſeene,
I could not chuſe, but when I ſawe
his labour to be ſore,
And eke hys wery webbe, then this
for to deſerue much more,

Furthwith

Furthwith at hys requeſt, both to
refreſh hys watchyng eeys,
And prayſed paynes to others prayſe,
thys litls worke deuyſe,
Leaſt haply he ſhould meete with ſuch,
as wolde ſcarce ſpeke the beſt,
Nor halfe that it deſerues, but vn-
to nippyng wordes be preſt.
And though I know this painfull wight
can not hys carpers want,
Whych often tymes diſcorage men,
and make ſuch ſtudyes ſkant,
Yet be not thou diſmaid, go on,
and bolden well thy ſelfe,
The worthyeſt wyght that euer wrote,
did neuer want hys Elfe.
Such *Emules*, & ſuch fyendly freaks,
if *E* thou take away,
Playn *Mules* they be, ỹ mump & mow,
and nothyng els can ſay.
Who if in rancknours poyſoned ſincke,
they lurke and wallow fyll,
Nor yet with cancred venome bolne,
do leaue theyr waſpyſh wyll,
But ſlothfull ſluggerds ſtill vpbraid,
that paynfull heads deuyſe,
And with their tryple forked tongs,
anoy thys enterpryſe:

Dyſcorage

Discorage him from other worke,
and further fruytes of wit,
And other towarde paynes dysgrace,
if they such poyson spit.
Take heede: if tongs far worse do bite,
then double edged swerd:
If bytyng tongs be stinging ills,
why mauger then thy berd,
Thou canst not shun *Ioues* ruddy wrath,
that such deseruers haue,
Which willingly, though wofully,
them selues they do it craue.
In whom it is, if that they will,
much better to deserue:
And cease, theyr wytlesse appetyte
for any more to serue.
This wofull worke that *Senec* here
depaynted before thy face,
The bloody yre of myghty *Ioue*,
propounds in ruthfull case.
To such as by their deuilysh deedes,
and harts with rancour mixt,
Alreddy be, although they lyue,
in snakysh dongeon fixt.
The crumpled browes of lofty lord,
in cloudy throne that sytts,
His sore dysplealed mynd portend
to euill bred wytts.

Who

Who in hys fomyng wrath, can turne
the worlds well ſetled ſeat:
And make an indigeſted thing,
and mingle mangle great.
Beware therfore: of *Tantalus*
that ſtem, and lynage vyle
May cauſe the wel, with vertues toole,
thy vycious lyfe to fyle.
For deadly deede whych *Atreus* dyd
vnto *Thyeſtes* chylde,
(Although *Thyeſt* hys brother, then
his ſpouſall bed defyld)
Hys greſly ghoaſt comes back againe
from deepe infernall pyt,
To make reuenge in *Aegiſts* harte,
hys onely ſonne to lyt.
That fylthy great adulter, ſtreyght
to ſtryfe and blood yprieſt,
Thyeſt all tables to reuendg,
doth ſcarcely take hys reſt.
Firſt *Atreus* lyfe he ſeekes, then, whyle
that *Agamemnon* laye
In Caſtrall campe, by Troyan towne
for countreys cauſe, ſtreight waye
Thys drouſie ſwynehead fylthy he
in brutyſh pleaſures wrapt,
Hath *Agamemnons* louyng wyfe,
in *Cupids* ſnares entrapt.

Wherby, of sacred *Hymeneus*
the bonds, he makes her flye,
And, *Agamemnons* pryuate bed,
through pleasure to denye.
And, which is greatter greefe then this,
and byllany mosse byle,
With deadly thought he makes the wife
vppon her husband smyle,
When as tryumphantly he came
a conquerour from Troy:
To thend he, should suspecte the lesse,
and haue the greater ioy,
And thinking nought, but meaning wel:
myght take a cursed coat,
Which doing on, they easly myght
the soner cut hys throte.
Thys deede was done: by *Talyon* lawe
here blood dyd blood requyer:
And now *Thyest* hath that reuenge,
that he dyd longe desyer.
Wherby thou cheefly mayst be taught
the prouydence of god:
That so longe after, *Atreus* fact
Thyestis reuenge abod.
And to thy selfe take better heede,
least loytryng styll in sinne,
In pinching slaunders, touching talke
(whear greater greefes begyn)

Thy

Thy selfe alone thou do not plague,
which of it selfe is muche,
But also make thyne after stocke
to smarte, and for thy tuche.
For be thou sure, though god doth spare
thee for a season here,
And suffer thee with poysoned tonge
to frump, and carp thys gere,
That eyther thou thy selfe shalt feele
some bytter bytyng greefe,
Or els shall thy posterytie
with payne haue their releefe:
Unluckye chyldren reape, that wyc-
ked parents handes haue sowne:
A warye wyght, by others woes
that knowes tauoyde hys owne.
Learne here to lyue a ryght, and know
how that thear is a god,
That well deseruers well rewardes,
and ill, doth scurge with rod.
For to thys end is thys compylde
thys play thou hast in hand,
In vertues race to make thee run,
and vyce for to withstand.
Which well deseruyng worke of his,
if thou can well digest,
Then shalt thou haue hys buddyng pen,
to greater matters prest.

¶W. R. to the

Reader.

If troublous toyles most tragicall,
Or blooddie broyles of enuyous ire,
Discrybde with art poetycall
Can moue thye hart or sett on fyre
Thy wauering mynd, then still procede
With good aduise this booke to rede.
¶For here in is sett furthe at large,
With sugred sopps of lettered tonge,
Thunstable state of glorious barge,
Which enuyous harte hath freshlie stongē
For when that hate encreaseth ire,
Nought els but death can quench ye fier.
¶Wha: did abayle the martiall dedes,
Which *Agamemnons* valyant hand
Did bring to passe? they sowes the sedes
Of enuyous hate in *Mycene* lande:
For *Aegist*, and his cruell wife,
At length do ridd him of his life.
¶Of fycle fortunes wauerynge wyles
Thys booke ensample doth declare,
For when most pleasauntlye she smyles,
She doth nought els but plant a snare,
To catche at length wᵗ woefull channce
The same, whom she aloft did vaunce.

¶ I nede not prayse this goulden booke,
So fullye freyght with lerninges lore,
The worke enough (if thou doest looke)
Doth prayse it selfe, and neads no more:
For woordes auayleth not a rushe,
And good wine neads no tauerne bushe.
¶ Therfore ear that thou hast it redd.
With temerous rancour iudge none ill,
For oft the churlyshe curyous hedd
Condemneth youth as wantyng skyll:
Yet *Daniell* young sent *Iudithe* rest,
When horys hedds had her oppreſt.

Idem in Zoilum.

Zoile quid frendes? quid mandis spumea labra?
Quid volat horrisono fulmen ab ore tuo?
Euome corrupto tabescens gutture virus:
Eructa bullas O furibunde vafras
Faucibus igniuomis minitans et dente lupino:
Præda tuo denti non opus istud erit.
Non potes istius calami corrumpere fructus:
Conseruat famulos magna Minerua suos.
Insulsus nitidum reprehendit sutor Apellem.
Inuidiam virtus clara præire solet.
Zoile tuq́ furis, iuuenis quum musa triumphet,
Iratus turges: verbula vana vomis.

Ipse

Ipſe tamen rigidi peries Acherontis in vrna,
Et Phlegethonteas ante natabis aquas,
Quam tu Studlei dimittes carmen in vmbras,
Quam poſſis nomen dilacerare ſuum.
Perpetuo viuet res inuictiſſima virtus,
Non abolent enſes, vnda, nec ignis eam.

H. C. To the reader.

BE not to raſh in iudgyng ought,
but waye well in thy mynde
The pleaſure, and commoditie,
that thou herein ſhall fynde.
And deme him not preſumtious,
whom muſes moued ryght,
The Satlye ſtyle of Senec ſage
in vulgar verſe to wryght.
For though the worke of grauer age,
the connyng ſeme to craue,
Sumtyme we ſe yet younger yeares,
a ryper witt to haue.
Accept it therfore, as it is,
(of greuer yeres in deede)
And as his paynes deſerueth prayſe,
So paye him for his meede.

Thomas

To the Reader. Thomas Delapcene in the Translatours behalfe.

IN volume small a present great
a worthy gyfte to thee
Good reader here is offered,
if thou so thankfull bee.
Accordyng to the valew full,
the same for to receaue:
Vouchsaufyng for the wryters paines,
deserued paynes to greue.
Ye bouldly hath presented here
vnto thy galyng eyes,
The wisdome great, & worthy thynges
whych erst by Tragedyes
Sage *Senec* shewyng, so sometyme
in latyn verse dyd wryte.
The same, in perfect englysh ryme
thys Author doth endyte.
Which, though thy skilful iudgment maye
dyscerne of prayse to be
Well worthy. Yet by thys, I do
cõmend the same to thee,
Because that vertue praysed styll,
increaseth euery whearе:
And that, eche readers rygour hard,
the lerned should not feare.

Syth

Syth fame and vertue, euermore
pale Enuy doth purſue,
Nor *Homer* great hym ſelfe could ſkynge
of ſlaunderous wordes eſchewe:
Contented better, men may take
the lot, whych vnto all
That euer wrote, (tyll thys time) doth
alyke in commen fall.
Though curious carping *Zoili*,
breade rancour blacke within
Their poyſoned breaſtes, of infamie
the ſpytefull thred to ſpyn,
Let folye feede their frenſye ſtyll,
vnto their owne dyſpyte:
For men dyſcrete and learned will
read thinges with iudgement right.

W. Parker to the Reader.

TO beat ỹ brain about ſuch trifling toyes
whoſe vaine delights by fickle fãſie fed,
Enforce ỹ mind tembrace ſuch fadyng ioyes,
Doth argue playne a fond vnſtedfaſt head,
As to inuey, enraged with rancours bile,
& raile on thẽ, whoſe works deſerueth praiſe,
Or els to gloſe, and paint with coloured ſtyle
Their cloked craft, when reaſons groũd de-
cayes:

Or as the proude enflamed with desyer
Of prayse, and gape for glorious renoume,
Haue vtter shame (their due reward & hyer)
Wheras they hopte of an immortal crowne.
And some there be, that pining pangs of loue
Describe at large, & shew their frantick fits,
(*Cupidoes* thrals) whom fond affections moue,
plain to bewray their wantō wauering wits.
But *Studley* prict with feruent harty zeale,
And vertues force preuailing in his mynd,
Regarding laude and honour neuer a deale,
Not raunging wide lyke harebraynd rouers
attẽpted hath, to publish this his boke, (blind
This tragedy of worthy *Seneca*,
whose sawes profoūd (who so theron do loke)
To vertues race do shew a ready way.
Persist therfore, thy happy yeares to traine
In scięce lore, that fame thy bruite mayblase,
And soūd thy praise, that euer shal remayne:
No terme of tyme thy doinges may deface.

T. B. To the Reader.

When *Heiwood* did in perfect verse,
and dolfull tune set out,
And by hys smouth and fyled style
declared had aboute,
What roughe reproche the Troyans of
the hardy Grekes receyued,
When they of towne, of goods, & lyues
togyther were depryued.
How wel did then hys freindes requite
his trauayle and hys payne,
When vnto hym they haue (as due)
ten thousand thankes agayne?
What greater prayse might *Virgill* get?
what more renoume then this,
Could haue ben gyuen vnto hym,
for wrytyng verse of hys?
Did *Virgill* ought request but thys,
in labouryng to excell?
Or what did fame gyue to him more,
then prayse to beare the bell?
May *Heywood* this alone get prayse,
and *Phaer* be cleane forgott.

Whose

Whose verse & style doth far surmount
and gotten hath the lot?
Or may not *Googe* haue parte with hym,
whose trauayle and whose payne,
Whose verse also is full as good,
or better of the twaine?
A *Newyle* also one there is,
in verse that gyues no place
To *Heiwood* (though he be full good)
in vsyng of his grace.
Nor *Goldinge* can haue lesse renome,
whych *Ouid* dyd translate:
And by the thondryng of hys verse
hath set in chayre of state.
With him also (as semeth me)
our *Edwardes* may compare,
Who nothing gyuyng place to hym
doth syt in egall chayre.
A great sorte more I reckon myght,
with *Heiwood* to compare,
And this our Author one of them
to compte I will not spare.
Whose payues is egall with the rest
in thys he hath begun,
And lesser prayse deserueth not
then *Heiwoods* worke hath done.
Gyue therfore *Studley* parte of prayse,
to recompence hys payne:

For egall labour euermore,
deserueth egall gayne.

Read ear thou iudge, then iudge thy fill.
But iudge the best, and mend the ill

Vale.

¶ Faultes escaped in the verses.

¶ First in the english meter, of Thomas Nuce, in the .iii. page, the seconde line for refrsh read refresh, in the .viii. line of ẏ verses of Thomas Delapeēd for paynes read prayse. In the .xii. line of the verses of T. B. for agayne read for gayne.

¶ To the right honorable sir William Secill, knight. One of the most honorable priuy Counsell, Maister of the Wardes and Liueries, Secretarie to the Queenes hyghnes, & Chancellour of ỹ Vniuersitie of Cambridge. John Studley, wisheth longe lyfe, with increse of honour.

Hen as I had (right honorable Syr) at the request of my frendes, both perfourmed and minded to publysh thys my symple translation of so notable a Tragedie, written by the prudent, and sage *Seneca*: I thought it good for diuers considerations to bestowe this the fyrst frutes of my good will, & trauaile, rather vpõ your honour, thẽ vpon any other person: first in ỹ I cõsidered your honours authorie, wisedome, & learning, (takyng the tuicion of it vpon you) might be a terrour, and abashment, to such slaunderous

tonges, who by my symple & slender skill, eyther in this or any other lyke facultie, myght take courage rather of malicyousnes (then of ryght) to reprehend my doings, furthermore hauing vnderstanding partlye by the report of men, and partlie perceauyng when I was sometyme scholler in the Queenes maiesties Grammer schole at Westminster, the hartye goodwill, and frendlie affection, that your honour bare towardes all studentes, I conceiued this hope, that you would accept my good wyll and doynges the better, in that I professe my selfe to be a student, & that in the vnyuersytye of Cambrydge, wherin sometyme your honour were trained vp in learnyng, and now being most worthelie Chaunceler ther of, do greatly tender the commodytye of the studentes in the same, wyth the aduauncement & encrease of learnynge, furtheraunce of vertue, and abolyshment of vice. Thus therfore trustyng your honours courtesie will haue me excused for my rude boldenes.

and except my good wyll herein ſygnyfyed, I leaue you to the tuytyon of allmyghtye god, who encreaſe you wyth honour, graunt you longe lyfe with eternall felycytye.

Your honours to commaund,
John Studley.

¶ The Preface to the Reader.

BEholde gentle Reader, howe SENECA in this present Tragedie hath most liuelie painted out vnto thee, the vnstabilytie of fortune, who when she hath aduaunced to the hyest hym, with whom (as the cat with the mouse) it liketh her to daly, sodeinly she turning her wheele, doth let hym fall to greater mysery, then was his former felicitie: wherof AGAMEMNON may be a perfect paterne, as is at large shewed in the Tragedie it selfe: whyche although it be but grosly, & after a rude maner translated, contemne it not for the baseness of the phrase, but embrace it for the excellencie of the matter therin conteyned. And althoughe that the other Tragedies which are set furthe by *Iasper Heiwood* and *Alexander Neuyle*, are so excellently well done (that in reading of them it semeth to me no translation, but enen

SENECA

SENECA hym selfe to speke in englysh) take no offence that I (beinge one of the moste that can do leaſt) haue thus raſhly attempted ſo great an enterpryſe, to mingle my barbaruſnes w̄ others eloquencie: for when I had at the ernest requeſte of certaine my familiar frendes, thus rudelye perfurmed the ſame, they yet not ſatyſfyed herewith willed me, not to hyde & kepe to my ſelfe that ſmall talent which god hath lente vnto me to ſerue my countrey w̄ all, but rather to applye it to the vſe of ſuche yonge Studentes as therby myght take ſome cōmoditie, therwith I conſideringe, that keping it cloſe it could profyte nothinge, and againe being publiſhed it could do no hurte, truſting of thy gentleneſs that thou wilt eſteme this my good will, I haue preſumed to ſet it furth thus ſimply and rudely: ſubmitting it to the freindly correction of the learned.

Thus deſiringe thee to beare with my boldnes, & pardon my ignoraūce,
I leaue thee to God.

Farewell.

¶ The names of the speakers of this Tragedie.

Thyestes.	*Eurybates.*
Chorus.	*A companie of Grekes.*
Clytemnestra.	*Cassandra.*
Nutrix.	*Agamemnon.*
Aegisthus.	*Electra.*
	Strophilus.

¶ The fyrste Acte.

Thyestes.

DEparting from ẏdarkned dens
whiche *Ditis* low doth kepe,
Loe here I am sent out again
from Tartar dungeon depe,
Thyestes I, that whether coast
to shun do stand in doubt,
Thinfernall feendes I flye, the foalke
of yearth I chase about.
My conscience lo abhors, that I
shuld hether passage make,
Appauled sore with feare and dread
my tremblyng sinews shake:
My fathers house, or rather yet
my brothers I espye,
This is the ould and antique porche
of *Pelops*-progenye.
Here first the Grekes on princes hedds
do place the royall crowne,
And here in throne aloft they lye,
that letteth vp and downe,
With statelye Scepter in theyr hand,
eake here theyr courtes do lye,
This is theyr place of banquetyng,
returne therfore will I.

Naye: beter were it not to haunt
the lothsome *Limbo* lakes,
Wher as the stygion porter doth
aduaunce with lustye crakes
His tryple gorge be hong with mane
shagg hearye, ruskie, blacke:
Wher *Ixions* carkas linked fast,
the whyrlyng whele doth racke,
And rowleth styll vppon him selfe:
whear as full oft in vayne
Much toyle is lost, (the tottryng stone
down tomblyng backe agayne)
Whear growing guts the gredie gripe
do gnaw with rauenyng bitts.
Wher parched vp with burning thurst
amydd the waues he sytts,
And gapes to catche the fletyng flood
with hungry chapps beguylde,
That paies his paine full punyshment,
whose feast the gods defylde:
Yet that olde man so stept in yeares
at length by tract of tyme,
How great a parte belonges to me
and porcion of his crryme?
Account we all the grysly ghostes,
whom gyltie found of ill,
The *Gnosian* iudge in plutoes pytts
doth toste in tormentes styll:

Thyestes

Thyestes I in dryrye dedes
wyll far surmount the rest,
Yet to my brother yeld I, (though
I gorged my blooddye brest,
And stuffed haue my pawmpred panche
euen wyth my chyldren three,
That crammed ly with in my rybbes,
and haue theyr tombe in mee,
The bowels of my swalowed babes,
deuowred vp I haue,
Nor fyckle fortune me alone
the father doth depraue,
But enterprysyng greater gylt
then that is put in vre,
To fyle my daughters bawdye bed,
my lust shee doth alure.
To speake these words I do not spare,
I wrought the haynous dede,
That therfore I through all my stocke,
myght parent styll procead.
My doughter driuen by force of fates
and destenyes deuyne,
Doth brede younge bones, & lades her
w̄ synfull seede of mine. (womb,
Lo nature chaunged vpsyde down;
and out of order turnde
This myngle mangle hath she made,
(O fact to be forlorude)

A father and a grandsyre loe,
confusedlye I am,
My doughters husband both become,
and father to the same.
Those babes ẏ should my nephewes be,
when nature ryghtlye runns,
She beinge tumbled doth confounde,
and myngle with my sonns.
The chrystall clearenes of the daye,
and *Phœbus* beames so bryght,
Ar myred with the foggye cloudes,
and darkenes dym of nyght.
When wyckednes had werped vs,
to late truce taken was,
Euen when our detestable dedes
were done and brought to passe.
But valyant *Agamemnon* he
graund captayne of the ost
Who bare the sway among the kinges,
and ruled all the roste,
Whose stanting flagg, & banner brauer
displayed in royall sorte,
A thousand sayle of sowsyng shypps
did gard to *Phrygian* porte,
And with their swelling shatling sailes
the surging seas dyd hyde,
That beateth on the bankes of *Troye*,
and flowethẏ her syde:

When

When *Phœbus* cart the Zodiack
ten tymes had ouer runne,
And wacke the battred walles do lye
of *Troye* destroyde and woon,
Retournd he is to yeld his throte
vnto his traytresse wyfe,
That shall with force of blooddie blade
berynue him of hys lyfe.
The glytering swerd, the hewing axe,
and woundyng weapons mo,
With blood for blood new set a broche
shall make the floore to flow.
With sturdy stroke, & boysteous blow,
of pythye Pollax geuen
His beaten braynes are pasht abroad,
his cracked skull is reuen.
Now myschiefe marcheth on a pace,
Now falshod doth appeare,
Now butchers slaughter doth approch,
and murther draweth neare.
In honour of thye natyue daye
Aegisthus they prepare
The sollemne feast with iuncketyng,
and dayntie tothsom fare.
Fye, what doth shame abashe thee so,
and cause thy courage quayle?
Why doubts thy righthand what to do?
to smyte why doth it fayle?

What he forecastyng myght suspect,
why shouldst thou take aduyse?
Why fretteſt thou, demaundyng it
thou may it enterpryse?
Naye: yf amother it beseme,
thou rather mayst surmyse.
What now? how happneth it that thus
the smylyng sommers nyght,
When *Phœbus* from *Thantipodes*
should render sone the lyght,
On sudden chaūg their turns & nights
that last and lynger longe,
When wynters boreas bitter blastes,
doth puff the trees among?
Or what doth cause the glydyng starrs
to stay styll in the skye?
We waygh for *Phœbus*: to the worlde
bryng daye now by and by.

Chorus.

O Fortune, that dost fayle
the great estate of kynges,
on ſlyppery slydyng seat
thou placeſt loftie thynges
And sytst on tottring sort,
where perils do abounde

yet

yet neuer kyngdome calme,
nor quyet could be founde:
No day to scepters sure,
doth shyne, that they myght saye,
To morow shall we rule,
as we haue don to daye.
One clod of croked care
another bryngeth in,
One hurlye burlye done,
another doth begin:
Not so the ragyng sea
doth boyle vpon the sand,
Whear as the southern wynd
that blowes in Affryck lande,
One waue vppon another
doth heap wyth sturdye blast:
Not so doth *Euxine* sea,
his swellyng waues vp cast:
Nor so his belchyng streame
from shallow bottom roll,
That borders hard vppon
the ysye frosen poall:
Whear as *Bootes* bryght
doth twyne hys wayne about,
And of the marble seas
doth nothyng stand in doubt.
O how doth fortune tosse
and tomble in her whele

The

The staggring states of kynges,
that reddye be to rele?
Fayne wold they dzeded be,
and yet not setled so
When as they feared are,
they feare and lyue in woe.
The sylent Ladye nyght
so sweete to man and beast,
Can not bestow on them
her safe and quyet rest:
Slepe that doth ouercom
and breake the bondes of greefe,
I cannot ease theyr harties,
noz mynister releefe:
What castell stronglye buylt,
what Bulwark, tower, oz towne,
Is not by mischyfes meanes,
brought topsye turuey downe?
What ramperd walls are not
made weake by wicked war?
From statelye courtes of kynges
doth iustice flye afar:
In pzyncelye pallacies,
of honestie the loze,
And wedlock now denoute,
is set by lytle stoze.
The bloodye Bellon thase
doth haunt with gozye hand,

Whose

Whose lyght and vayne conceit
in paynted pomp doth stand.
And those *Erinnys* wood
turmoyles with frensyes fitts,
That euer moze in proud
and hautie howses sitts,
Which fycle foztunes hand
in twynklyng of an eye,
From hygh and proud degze
dzynes down in dust to lye.
Although that skyzmish seace,
no banners be displayed
And though no wyles be wzought
and pollecye be stayd,
Down payled with theyz wayght
the massy thynges do synke,
And from her burden doth
vnstable foztune shzynke.
The swelling Sayles pust vp
with gale of western wynde,
Do yet mystrust therof
a tempest in theyz mynd:
The thzeatnyng tops (that touche
the clowdes) of loftye towers
Be sonest payd and bett
with south wynd raynye showzes:
The darksome wood doth see
his tough and sturdye Oke,

Well waynd in yeares to be
clean ouerthrowen and broke:
The lyghtnyngs flashyng flame
out breakyng in the skye,
fyrst lyghteth on the mountes,
and hylls that are most hye.
The bodies corpulent
and of the largest syese
Are ryfest styll to catch
deseases when they ryse.
When as the flocke to grase,
in pasture fat is putt,
Whose necke is larded best,
hys throte shall fyrst be cutt:
What fortune doth aduaunce,
and hoysteth vp on hys,
She setes it vpp to fall
agayne more grenously e.
The thynges of myddle sorte,
and of a meane degree,
Endure aboue the rest
and longest dayes do see:
The man of meane estate
most happye is of all,
Who pleased with the lott
that doth to him befall,
Doth sayle on sylent shore.
wyth calme and quyet tyde,

And dreads wyth brused barge
on swellyng seas to ryde:
For lawncyng to the depe
where bottom none is founde,
may with his rudder search,
and reach the shallow grownd.

¶ The second Act.

Clytemnestra. Nutrix.

O drowsie dreaming dotyng soule,
what commeth in thy brayne,
To seke about for thy defence
what waye thou mayest attayne?
What aiels thy skittish waiward wits,
to wauer vp and down?
The fytteſt shyft preuented is,
the beſt path ouergrown:
Thou myghteſt ons mayntayned haue
thy wedlock chamber chaſt,
And eak haue rulde with maieſtie,
by fayth conioyned faſt:
Now nurtures lore neglected is,
all ryght doth clean decay,
Relygion and dygnitie
with fayth are worne awaye:

And

And ruddy shame with blushing cheeks
so farre godwot is past,
That when it would it cannot now
com home agayn at last.
O let me now at randon run
with brydle at my wyll:
The safest path to myschyfe is
by myschef open styll.
Now put in practysse, seke about,
search out and learne to fynd
The wylie traynes, and craftye guyles
of wicked woman kynd:
What anye dyuelysh trayterous dame
durst do in workyng woe,
Or anye wounded in her wittes
by shott of Cupids bowe:
What euer rygorous stepdame could
committ with desperate hand,
Or as the wenche who flaming faste
by *Venus* poysonyng brand,
Was dreuen by lewd vncesteous loue
in shypp of thessail land,
To flytt away from *Cholchos* Ile,
where *Phasis* channell depe
With siluer streame down from ẏ hils
of Armenie doth swepe.
Get weapons good, get bylbowblades,
or temper poyson strong,

Or

Or with som ponker trudge frō Greece
by theste the seas along:
Why dost thou faynt to talke of theft,
exile, or priuie flyght?
These came by hap: thou therfore must
on greater mischife lyght.
(O worthy queene) among ỹ Grekes Nu.
that beares the swinging swaye
And borne of *Ledas* royall blood,
what muttryng dost thou saye?
What furye fell enforceth the,
berenes of thy wyttes,
To rage & raue with bedlam braynes,
to frett with frantick fitts?
Though madam thou so counsell kepe,
and not complayne thy case;
Thyne anguyshe playne appeareth in
thy pale and wanny face:
Reueal therfore what is thy grefe,
take leysure good and fraye,
What reason could not remedye,
oft eured hath delaye.
So greuous is my carefull case Cly.
which plungeth me so lore,
That deale I cannot with delaye,
nor lynger aliue more.
The flashing flames, and furyous fore
of fyrye feruent heat,

Outragyng

Outragyng in my boylyng brest,
my burnyng bones doth beat:
It suckes the sappye marowe out,
the ioyce it doth consuaye,
It frets, it teares, it rents, it gnawes,
my guttes and gall away.
Now feble feare still eggs me on
(wyth dolor beyng prest)
And cancred hate wythwacking thumps
doth bounce vppon my brest:
The blynded boy that louers hartes
doth reue wyth deadly stroke,
Entangled hath my lynked mynd
with lewd and wanton yoke:
Refusyng styll to take a foyle,
or clean to be confounde,
Among thes broyles, and agonyes
my mynd besegyng rownd,
Lo feble, wery, battred downe,
and vnder troden shame,
That wrestleth, striueth, strugleth hard,
and fyghteth wyth the same.
Thus am I dryuen to dyuers shores,
and beat from bancke to banke,
And tossed in the sompye floods,
that stryue wyth corage crancke.
As when here wynd, & there ye streame
when both theyr force wyll trye,

From

From sandes alow, doth hoyst & reare
the seas with surges hye,
The waltryng waue doth staggrynge
not wetyng what to doe, (stand,
But (houetyng) doubts, whose furious
he best may yeld him to. (force
My kyngdome therfore I cast of,
my scepter I forsake
As anger, sorow, hope, me lead,
that way I meane to take.
At all aduenture to the seas
I yelde my beten Barge,
At random careles will I ron,
now wyll I roue at large.
Whear as my mynd to fancy fonde
doth gad, and ron affray,
It is the best to chuse that chaunce,
and folow on that waye.
¶ This desperate dotage doth declare, Nu.
and rashnes rude and blynde,
To chuse out chaunce to be the guyde
and ruler of thy mynde.
¶ He that is dryuen to bitter pynche, Cly.
and far theft shyft of all,
What neade he doubt hys doutful lot,
or how hys lucke befall?
In sylent shore thou saylest yet,
thy trespasse we may hyde,

If

If thou thy selfe detect it not,
nor cause it be dyscryde.

Cly. ¶ Alas it is more blasd abrode,
and further is it blown,
Then any cryme that euer in
this pryncelye court was sown.

Nu ¶ Thy former fault with pensiue harte
and sorow thou dosse rew,
And fondly yet thou goest about,
to set abroche anew,

Cly. ¶ It is auery folyshnes
to kepe a meane therin,

Nu. ¶ The thing he feares he doth augmēt,
who heapeth syn to syn.

Cly. ¶ But fyre & swerde to cure the same,
the place of salue supplye.

Nu. ¶ Ther is no man who at the fyrste
extremytie wyll try.

Cly. ¶ In worryng-myschyfe men do take
the redyest waye they fynd.

Nu. ¶ The sacred name of wedlocks once
reuoke and haue in mynd,

Cly. ¶ Ten yeares haue I bin desolate,
and led a wydowes lyfe.
Yet shall I entertayne anew
my husband as hys wyfe?

Nu. ¶ Consydor yet thy son and heire
whom he of the begot.

¶ And

¶ And eke my doughters wedding blase *Cly.*
as yet forget I not.
Achilles eke my sonne in lawe
to mynde I do not spare,
Howe well he kepte hys howe that he
to me hys mother sware.
¶ When as our nauye myght not passe *Nu.*
by wynd, nor yet by stream,
Thy doughters blood in sacrifyce
theyr passage did redeme:
She sturd and brake the sluggysh seas,
whose water styll dyd stand,
Whose feble force myght not hoyse vp,
the vessells from the land.
¶ I am ashamed herewith all, *Cly.*
it maketh me repyne,
That *Tyndaris* (who from the gods
doth fetche her noble lygne)
Shold gyue the ghost tasswage ỹ wrath
of gods and them appeas,
Wherby the grekysh nauye myght
haue passage free by seas.
My grudgyng mynd styll harpes vpon
my daughters weddyng daye,
Whom he hath made for *Pelops* stocke
the bloodye rawnsam paye.
When as with cruell countenaunce
embrewd wyth gorye blood,

As at a weddyng alter syde
thunpytyfull parent stood.
Iterkes *Calchas* wofull harte,
who dyd abhor the same,
His Oracle he rewd, and take
the backe reflyctyng flame.
O wycked and vngracyous stocke
that winnest ill with ill,
Tryumphyng in thy fylthy feats,
encreasyng lewdnes styll.
By blood we win ỹ wauering windes,
By death we purchase warr.
Nu. But by this meanes a thousand shyps
at once releasd ar:
Cly. With lucky fate attempt the seas
did not the losed rowt:
For Aulis Ile, thungracious flete,
from port did tumble oute:
As with alewd vnlucky hand
the war he did begin,
So fortune fauoured his succes
to thyue nomore therin.
Yer loue as captyue holdeth him
whom captyue he did take.
Not moued wyth the erneſt sute
that could *Achilles* make,
Of *Phabus* prelat Sminthicall
he did retayne the spoyle:

When

When for the sacred virgins loue
his furious brest doth boyle:
Achilles rough and thundring threates
could not him qualyfye,
Nor he that doth direct the fates
aboue the starrye skye.
To vs he is an Augur iuste,
and kepes his promys dewe,
But whyle he threats his captiue truls
of word he is not trew.
The sauage people fearce in wrath
once myght not moue his spright,
Who did purloyne the kyndled tentes
with fyer blasyng bryght:
When slaughter great on Grekes was
in most extreamest fyght (made
Without a foe he conquered.
with leanes pynes awaye.
In lewd and wanton chamber tricks
he spendes the idle daye,
And freshly still he feedes his lust,
least that som other whyle
His chamber chast shuld wāt a stewes,
that myght the same defyle.
On Ladye *Brises* loue agayn
his faneye fond doth stand,
Whom he hath got, that wrested was
out of Achilles hand.

And carnal copulacion
to haue he doth not shame,,
Though from her husbandes bosom he
hath snacht the wicked dame,
Tushe, he that doth at *Paris* grudge,
With wound but newly stroke
Eflamd with *Phrygian* Prophets loue,
his boyling breste doth smoke.
Now after Troyan boties braue,
and Troy ouerwhelmd he saw,
Retournd he is a prysoners spouse,
and *Priams* sonne in lawe.
Now hart be bolde, take courage good,
of stomake now bestowt,
A fyelde that easely is not sought,
to pytche thou goest about.
In practys myschife thou must put,
why hopste thou for a daye,
While *Priams* doughter com from *Troy*
in Grece do beare the swaye?
But as for the poore selye wretche,
a wayteth at thy place
Thye wyddow, virgyns, and *Oreſt*
his fatherlyke in face,
Consyder theyr calamytyes,
to com, and take theyr cares,
Whom all the peryll of the broyle
doth threat in thy affayres.

O cursed captyue, wofull wretche,
why doest thou loyter so?
Thy lytle brats a stepdame haue,
whose wrath will worke theyr wo.
With gaishing sword (and yf thou can
none other way prouyde)
Nor thrust it through an others ribbes,
then launche thy gory syde.
So murther twayne w brewed blood,
let blood immired be,
And by destroyeng of thye selfe
destroy thy spouse wyth thee.
Death is not sawst with sops of sorowe
if som man els I haue,
Whose breathlesse corse I wish to passe
wyth me to deadlye graue.
¶ Queene, brydle thyne affections,
and wyselye rule thy rage,
Thy swellyng moode now mytigate,
thy chollure eke asswage.
Way well the wayghtye enterpryse
that thoudoest take in hand,
Tryumphant victor he retournes
of myghty *Asia* lande
Auengyng *Europs* iniurye,
with him he bryngs awaye
The spoyles of sacked *Pargamie*,
a huge and myghtie praye.

In bondage eake he leades the foalke
of long aſſaulted Troye,
Yet dareſt thou by pollecye
attempt him to annoye?
Whom wt the dynt of glittryng ſwerd
Achilles durſt not harme,
Although his raſh and deſperate dicks
The froward knyght did armes
Nor *Aiax* yet more hardye man
vp peldyng vitall breth,
Whom frantycke furye fell enforſte
to wound him ſelfe to death:
Nor *Hector*, he, whoſe onlye lyfe
procuerd the Grekes delay,
And long in war for victorye
enforced them to ſtaye:
Nor *Paris* ſhaft, whoſe connyng hand
with ſhot ſo ſure did ayme:
Nor myghtye *Memnon* ſwart and black,
had power to hurt the ſame:
Nor *Xanthus* flood, wher to and froe
dead carkaſis did ſwyme,
With armour helvd and ther with all
ſome maymed broken lyme:
Nor *Simois*, that purple wawmes
with ſlaughter died deth ſteare:
Nor *Cygnus* Lylly whyght, the ſonne
of fenny god ſo deare:

Nor

Nor yet the mustering *Thracian* host:
nor warlyke *Rebsus* kynge:
Nor *Amazons*, who to the wars
did painted Quivers bringe,
And bare their hatchets in their hands,
with target, and wyth sheylde,
Yet had no powre with gastly wound
to foyle hym in the feylde.
Sych he such scourynges hath escapte,
and plunge of perylls passe,
Entendest thou to murther hym,
returning home at lasse?
And sacred alters to prophane
with slaughter so vnjure?
Shall *Greece* thavenger, let this wrong
longe vnreuengd endure?
The grym and fearce corragious horse,
the battails shoutes and cries,
The swelling seas which bruset barks
do dread, when stormes arysse,
Behold the feildes w streames of blood
ouerflowne and deply drowned,
And all the Cheualrie of *Troy*
in seruile bondage bounde,
Which Grekes haue writ in registers.
thy stubburne stomacke binde,
Subdue thy fonde affections,
and pacyfie thy mynde.

Aegisthus. Clytemnestra.

THe cursed tyme that euermore
my mynd dyd most detest,
The dais that I abhorred haue
and hated in my brest,
Are come, are come, that myne estate
wyll bringe to vtter wracke:
Alas my harte, why doest thou fayle,
and fayntyng flyest backe?
What doest thou meane at first assaltes
from armour thus to flye?
Trust thys, the cruell gods intende
thy dolfull destinie,
To wrap thee in wyth perils round,
and catche thee in a bande:
Endeuer drudge with all thy powre
theyr plagues for to wythstand:
Wyth stomake stoute rebellious,
to fyre and swerd appeal.

Cly. ¶ It is no plague, if such a death
thy natyue destnies deal.

Aeg. ¶ O partners of my perils all,
begot of *Leda* thou)
Direct thy doinges after myne,
and vnto thee I vowe.

Thys

This drosell, sluggysh ryngleader,
thys stoute stronge harted syre,
Shall pay the so much blood agayne
as shed he hath in fyre.
How haps it that hys trēbling cheekes
to be so pale and whyght,
Lyenge agast, as in a traunce,
wyth fayntyng face vpryght?
¶ His cōsciēce wedlock vow doth prick *Cly.*
and brynges hym home agayne.
Let vs returne the selfe same trade
a newe for to retayne,
To which at first we should haue stuck
and ought not to forsake,
To couenaunt contynent a newe
let vs our selues betake:
To take the trade of honestie
at no tyme is to late:
He purged is from punyshment
whose harte the cryme doth hate.
¶ Why whether wilt thou gad (o rashe *Aeg.*
and vnaduysed dame?)
What doest thou ernestly beleue,
and fyrmly trust the same,
That *Agamemnons* spousall bed
wyll loyall be to thee,
That nought doth vnderprop thy mind
whych myght thy terrour bee?

Hys proud successe puffte vp to hyghe
with lucky blast of wynde,
Myght make so cranke, and set aloffte
hys hawty swellyng mynde:
Amonge hys peares he stately was,
er *Troian* turrets tozne,
How thynk ye then hys stomack stout
by nature gyuen to scozne,
In haughtynes agmented is
moze in hym selfe to ioye,
Through thys tryumphant victozye
and conquest got of Troye?
Befoze hys voyage miceane kynge
moste myldly dyd he reygne,
But now a Tyzant truculent
returnde he is agayne.
Good lucke and proud prosperytie
do make hys harte so ryse.
With what great preparacion
prepared solemne wyse,
A rablement of strumpets come
that clonge about hym all:
But yet the prophetesse of *Phæbe*,
(whom god of trueth we call)
Appeares aboue the rest: she kepes
the kynge, she doth hym guyde:
Wylt thou in wedlock haue a mate
and not foz it prouyde?

So

So wolde not she, the greatest greefe
this is vnto a wyfe,
Her husbandes minion in her house
to leade an open lyfe.
A queenes estate can not abyde
her peare with her to reygne,
And Jelous wedlock will not her
companyon sustayne.
¶ *Aegist* in despyte mode agayne *Cly.*
why setst thou me a flote?
Why kyndlest thou the sparkes of ire
in imbers couered hote?
If that the hyctors owne free will
releas his captyues care,
Why may not I hys lady spouse
haue hope as well to fare?
One lawe doth rule in royall throne,
and pompous pryncely towers,
Amonge the vulgar sorte, another
in pryuate symple bowers.
What though my grudgyng fansy force
that at my husbandes hande,
Sharpe execution of the lawe
I stubbernly withstande?
Recordyng thys that haynous aye
offended hym I haue:
gently wyll me pardon graunt
who neuer the same to craue?

¶ Euen

Aeg. CEuen so? on thys condicion
thou mayst wyth hym compounde,
To pardon hym, if he agayne
to pardon thee be bounde.
The subtle scyence of the lawe,
The statutes of our lande,
(That longe ago decreed were)
thou doest not understande.
The Iudges be malicious men,
they spyght and envye vs,
But he shall haue them partiall
hys causes to dyscus.
Thys is the chiefest pryuiledge
that doth to kynges belonge,
What lawes forbyddeth other men
they do, and do no wronge.

Cly. CHe pardned *Helen*, she is wedd
to *Menela* agayne,
Wbych *Europ* all, wyth *Asia*
dyd plonge alyke in payne.

Aeg. CNo Ladyes luste hath rauyshte yet
Atrides in hys lyfe,
Nor pryuelie purloynd hys harte,
betrothed to hys wyfe.
To picke a quarell he begyns,
and matter thee to blame,
Suppose thou nothyng hast cõmyt
that worthy is of shame?

yf

What boteth hym whom prynces hate
an honest lyfe to frame?
Ye neuer doth complayne his wrange,
but euer beares the blame.
Wylt thou repayre to Spart, and to
thy countrey trudge aryght?
Wylt thou becom a ronagate,
from such a worthy wyght?
Denorcement made from kynges, wil
so let the matter scape, (not
Thou easest fear, by fyckle hope,
that falsly thou doest shape:
¶ My trespas is dysclosd to none, Cly.
but to a trustye wyght.
¶ At prynces gates sydelytye Aeg.
yet neuer enter myght.
¶ I wyll corrupt and ferde him so Cly,
with syluer and wyth gould,
That I by brybyng binde hym shall
no secrets to vnfould:
¶ The truft that hyred is and bought Aeg.
by brybes and moneys fee,
Thy counsell to bewray a gayne
with brybes entyfte wyll bee,
¶ The remnaunt left of shamfastnes Cly.
of those vngracyous tryckes,
Wherin of late I dyd delyght,
my concience freshly pricks.

Whye

Why kepest thou such a busy stur,
and wyth thy flattryng speache
Enstructyng me wyth lewd aduise
dost wicked counsell preache?
Shall I forsooth of royall blood
with all the speede I can,
Refuse the kynge of kynges, and wed
an outcast banysht man?

Aeg. Why should you thinke in that *Thyest*
was father vnto mee,
And *Agamemnon Atreus* sonne
he should my better be?

Cly. If that be but a tryfle small
Ad Nephew to the same,

Aeg. I am of *Phœbus* linage borne,
wherof I do not shame.
Why makste thou *Phœbus* author of
thy wycked pedagrew,
Whom out of heauen perforce to fly
when brydle backe he drew?
When lady nyght with mantell black
dyd spred her sudden shade,
Why makest thou the gods in suche
reprochefulnes to wade?
Whose father hath thee conning made
by sleyght and subtle guyle
To make thy kynsman Cockold, whyle
hys wyfe thou do defyle.

What

What man is he whom we do know
to be thy fathers mate,
Abalyng lucke of lecherye
in luche vnlawfull rate?
Auaunt, go packe the hence in haſte,
diſpatche, out of my ſyght
This infamie, whoſe blemyſh ſtaynes
this blood of worthy wyght.
¶ Thys is no nrwe exile to me — Aeg.
that wyckednes do haunt,
But if that thou (o worthy queene)
cammaund me to avaunt
I wyll not onely ſtraycht auoyde
the houſe, the towne, and feild,
My lyfe on ſwerd at thy requeſt
I redy am to yeild.
¶ Thys haynous dede permit ſhall I — Cly.
(moſt charleſh cruell drab)
Agaynſt my wyll though I offende,
the fault I ſhould not blab:
Nay, rather come aparte wyth me,
and let vs ioyne our wyts,
To wrap our ſelues out of thys wo,
and parlous threatnyng fyts.

¶ Now

Chorus.

NOw chaunt it luſtye laddes.
Apollos prayſe ſuborne,
To thee the frolyke flock
theyr crowned heads adorne.
To thee kynge *Inachs* ſtocke
of wedlock chamber voyd,
Braid out their virgyns lockes
and theron haue employd.
Theyr ſauorie garlandes greene
Itwyſt of Lawrell bow.
Draw nere wyth vs o *Thebes*,
our daunſyng folow thou.
Come alſo ye, that dryncke
of *Iſmen* bublyng flood,
Wheras the Laurell tree
full thycke on bankes doth brood.
Eke ye whom Mando mild,
the Prophetelle diuyne,
(foreſeenge fate) and borne
of hygbe *Tireſias* lygne,
Hath fryſd to celebrate
with ſacred vſe and rygbt
Appollo and *Dian*
borne of *Latona* brygbt.
O victor *Phœbe* vnbend
thy nocked bowe agayne,

Syth

Syth quyetnes and peace
anew we do retayne.
And let thy twăckling harpe
make melodie so shrylle,
Whyle that thy nymble hande
stryke quauers with thy quill.
No curious descant I
nor lustie musick creue,
No soly rumbling note,
nor trowlyng tune to haue.
But on thy treble Lute
(accordyng to thy vse)
Stryke vp a playne long note,
as when thy learned Muse
Thy lessons do record,
though yet on baser strynge
It lyketh thee to play
the songe that thou did synge:
As when from fyry heauen
the dynt of lyghtnyng flew,
Sent downe by wrath of gods,
the *Titans* ouerthrew.
Or els when moũtains were
on mountaynes heaped hye
That raise for Giauntes fell
theyr steppes into the skye,
The mountaine Ossa stood
on top of *Pelion* layde,

Olymp (wheron the Pynes
theyr budding braunches brayd)
Downe paised both: drawn were
o *Iuno* noble dame,
Both spouse of myghty *Ione*
and syster to the same:
Thou that dost rule wt hym
made ioynter of his mace,
Thy people we of Greece
gyue honour to thy grace:
Thou onely dost protect
from perils *Argos* land,
That euer carefull was
to haue thine honour stand,
(Most supplient ther vnto)
thou also with thy myght
Dost order ioyfull peace
and battels fearce of fight,
Accept o conquering queene
these braunches of the bays,
That *Agamemnon* here
doth yeild vnto thy prayse:
The holow boren pype
(that doth with holes abound)
In syngyng vnto thee
doth gyue a solemne sound:
To thee the damsels eke
that play vpon the strynges,

With

With connyng harmonie
melodious musick synges.
The matrons eke of *Greece*
by ryper yeares more graue,
To thee the taper paye,
that vowed oft they haue,
The heyferd yonge & whyte
companyon of the Full
Unskilfull, yet by proofe
the paynful plein to pull,
whose neck was neuer wonne
nor gald wyth pynt of yoake,
Is in thy temple slayne
receyuing deadly stroake.
O ladye *Pallas* thou
of most renoumned hap
Bred of the brayne of *Ioue*
that smytes with thonder clap.
Thou lofty Troian towres
of craggy knotty flynt
Hast bet with battryng blade,
and strooke with rauelyng dynt.
The elder matrons with
the dames that yonger be
Together in myngled heapes
do honour due to thee.
when thou approching nighe
thy commyng is espyde,

The preiſte vnbarrs the gate
and opes the Temple wide:
By cluſtring thronges the flocks
thyne altars haunt apace,
Bedecte with twyſted crownes
ſo trym wyth comely grace.
The olde and auncyent men
well ſtept and growne in yeares,
Whoſe feble tremblyng age
procureth hoarye heares,
Obteyning theyr requeſt
craued of thy grace deuyne,
Do offer vp to thee
theyr ſacryficed wine,
Dbryght *Dian* whoſe blaſe
theds lyght three ſundry wayes,
We myndfull are of thee,
and render thankfull prayſe,
Delon thy natyue ſoyle
thou dyddeſt fyrmly bynde,
That to and fro was wont
to wander with the wynde:
Which with foundacion ſure
mayn ground forbyds to paſſe:
For Nauies (after whych
to ſwim it wonted was)
It is become a Road
defyence force of wynde,

The

The mothers funerals
of *Tantalus* his kinde.
The doughters seuen by death
thou victresse doest accompte,
Whose mother *Niobe*
abydes on Sipill mounte
A lamentable rocke,
and yet vnto this howre
Her teares newe gushyng, out
the marble olde doth powre.
The godhead of the twins
in sumpteous solemne wise,
Both man and wife adore
with sauory sacrifyse.
But thee aboue the rest,
o father great and guide,
Whose myghty force is by
the burning lightning tryde:
Who whē thou ganest a beck
and didst thy head but shake,
At once thextremest poales
of heauen and earth did quake.
O *Iupiter* the rote
that of our lynage arte,
Accept these offered giftes
and take them in good parte:
And thou o graundsire great
to thy posterite

Haue some remors, that do
not swarue in chyualrye.
But yonder lo w̃ stiuing steps
the soldier comes a mayne
In all post hast, with token that
good newes declareth playne
A lawrel braunche, that hangeth on
hys speare head he doth brynge:
Eurybates is come, who hath
ben trustye to the kynge.

¶ The thyrd Acte.

Eurybates. *Clytemnestra.*

SOre tyred after many yeares
with trauaile & with toyle
Scant credityng my selfe, the Gods
of thys my natyue soyle,
The temple, and the alters of
the sainctes that rule the skye,
In humble sorte with reuerence
deuoutly worshyp I.
Now pay your vowes vnto the Gods:
returned is agayne
Vnto hys countrey court, where wont
he was to rule, and reygne.

Prynce

Prince *Agamemnon*, victor, of *Greece* the great renoume.

¶ The tydynges of a message good vnto myne eares is blowne. *Cly.*
Where staies my spouse whō longing ten yeares I haue out stand? (for
What doth he yet sayle on the seas, or is he come a land?
Yet hath he fyxt and set hys fote backstepping home againe
Vppon the sandy shore, that longe he wisshed to attayne?
And doth he styl enioy his health enhaunce in glory great,
And paynted out in pomp of prayse whose fame the skye doth beate?
¶ Welle we with burnyng sacrifyce, *Eury.* at longthe this luckye daye.
¶ And eke the goos though gracious *Cly.* Yet dealyng long delaye:
Declare if that my brothers wyfe enioy the vitall ayre,
And tel me, to what kynd of Coast my syster doth repayre.
¶ God graunt & gyue vs better newes *Eury.* then thys that thou doest craue:
The heuy hap of fyghtyng foods forbyddes the trueth to haue.

Our scattred fleete the swelling seas
attemptes in such a plyght,
That shyp from ship was taken cleane
out of eche others syght.
Auides in the waters wyde
turmoyld and strayeng far,
Woze byolence by seas sustaind
then by the blooddy war.
And as it were a conquerd man
escaping home all weete
Now bringeth in his companie
of such a myghty fleete,
A sozte of bruised broken barkes,
beshaken, tozne, and rent.

Cly. ¶ Shew what vnluckie chaunce it is
that hath our Nauye spent,
What stozme of seas dispersed hath
our Captaines heare and theare?

Eury. ¶ Thou willest me to make repozte
of heauy wofull geare.
Thou biddest me most grieuous newes
with tydynges good to parte:
Foz bttryng of thys wofull hap
my feble mynde doth starte.
And hozrybly appauled is
with thys so monstrous ill.

Cly. ¶ Speke out, and vtter it: hym selfe
with terrour he doth fyll,

Whose

Whose harte hys owne calamytie
and carke, doth lothe to know:
The harte whom doubted domage duls
with greater greefe doth glow.
¶ Whē *Troian* buyldings blasing bright *Eury.*
did burne away, and broyle,
Enkindled firste by Grekish brand,
they fall to parte the spoyle:
Repairing fast vnto the seas
agayne we come a boorde,
And now the soldiers wery loynes
were eased of hys swoorde,
Their bucklers cast aside vpon
the hatches lie aboue:
Their warlike handes in practise put,
and Oers learne to moue:
Eche lytle hyndraunce semes to much
to them in hasty plyght,
When of recours the Admirall,
gaue watchwoord by his lyght,
And trumpet blast began to call
our army from delaye,
The painted Pup with gilded snowt
did firste guyde on the waye:
And cut the course, which soloing on
a thousand shippes did ryue,
Then first a winde with pypling puffes
our launcing ships did dryue:

Which glyded downe vpon our sailes:
the water being calme
With breath of westerne wind so mild
scant moued any walme.
The shyning seas bespred aboute
with shyppes, doth glysser bryght,
And also couerd with the same,
lay hyd fro *Phœbus* lyght:
It doth vs good, to gase vpon
the naked shore of Troy:
The desarte *Phrygian* plots so bare
to vewe, we hopp for ioye:
The youth echone bestirrs thẽ selues,
and stryuyng altogether
They tough theyr ores, & wt their toyle
they help the winde and weather.
They tug, and chearly row by course,
the spyrtyng seas vp dash,
Agaynst the ratlyng rybs of shippes
The flapping floods do flash.
The hory froth of wrestlyng waues
which ores aloft doth rayse,
Do drawe and trace a furrow through
the marbleface seas.
When strõger blast with belly swolne
our hoysted sayles dyd fill,
They row no more, but let the Pup
to ga with wynde at will,

Theyr

Their sheryng Oxes layd alyde
our Pilot doth espye,
How far from anye land aloofe
our sayles reculyng flye.
Or bloody batells doth displaye,
the threates of Hector stoute,
Or of his ratlyng Waggins tells,
wherin he rode about:
Or how his gasshed carckas slayne
and traynd about the fylde,
To funerall flames, and obit ryghtes
for coyne agayne was yeld.
How *Iupiter* embathed was
all in his royall blood.
The frolyck fythe desposed was
to myrth in Tyrren flood,
And fetchyng fryskes both in and out
playes on the waters brym,
And on his broad and fynny backe
about the seas doth swym,
With gamballs quick in rings aroũd,
and syde to syde enclynd,
Erwhyle he spurtes afront the pup,
and whyps agayn behynd,
Now sydlyng on the snout before,
the dalyeng wanton rowt
With iocundarye ioly tryckes
doth skyp the flets about.

Sum

Somtyme he ſtandeth gaſyng on
and eyes the veſſells bryght,
Now euery ſhore is couered clean,
and land is out of ſyght,
The parlous poynct of *Ida* rocke
in ſyght doth open lye,
And that alone eſpye we coulde
with fyrmely fyxed eye,
A dulky clowd of ſtiſyng ſmoke
from Troy did ſmolter blacke,
When *Titan* from the werye neckes
the heauy yokes did ſlacke.
The fading light did grouelyng bend,
and down the day did ſhrowd,
Agaynſt the ſtars amountyng vp
a lytle myſtie clowd,
Came belchyng out in irkſom lompe,
and *Phœbus* galland beames
He ſpewd vpon, beſtayning them
duet down in weſterne ſtreames.
The Sun ſet ſwaruyng in ſuch ſorte
with diuers change of face
Did gyue vs cauſe, to haue miſtruſte
of *Neptunes* doubted grace.
The euening firſt did bunrniſh bright,
and paynt with ſtars the ſkye,
The wynds were layd, & clean forſake
our ſayles, that quiet lye.

When

whē cracking, ratling, rumbling noise,
rusht down with thundryng swaye
From top of hyls, which greater stur
doth threaten and bewray.
With belowinges, & yellynges lowd,
the shores do grunt and grone,
The craggye clyues, & royng rockes,
do howle in hollow stone.
The bublyng waters swelles vpreard
before the wrastling winde,
When saddenlye the lowryng lyght
of moone is hid and blynde.
The glymsyng starres do go to glade,
the surgyng seas are tost
Euen to the skyes, among the clowdes
the lyght of heauen is lost.
Yore nyghtes in one compacted are,
wyth shadow dym and blacke,
One shade vppon another doth
more darknes heape and packe.
And euery sparke of lyght consumd
the waues and skyes do mete.
The rushyng wynds range on the seas,
throughe euerye coast they flytt.
They heaue & vp wyth vyolence,
ouerturnd from bottom low,
The westerne wynde flat in the face
of eastyrne wynd doth blow.

Wyth

With hurley burley *Boreas*
set ope his blastyng mouth,
And gyroeth out his boystreous breth,
agaynst the stormy south,
Eache wind wᵗ all his might doth blow,
and worketh daungers depe,
They shake the floods, a sturdye blast
along the seas doth sweepe.
That rowles, & tũbles waue on waue,
a northern tempest stronge
Aboundaunce great of slackye snow
doth hurle our shipps among.
The south winde out of *Lybia*
doth rage vppon a shold,
And with the puysaunt force therof
the quycke sandes vp he rould,
Nor bydeth in the south, which doth
with tempest lump and lower,
And force the flowyng floods to ryse
by powryng out a shower.
The stubbern *Eurus* erthquakes made,
and shoke the countryes east,
And *Eos* cost, where *Phœbus* fyrst
aryseth from his rest.
How violent *Corus* strecht and tare
his yawnyng mouth full wyde?
A man wold sure haue thought ỹ worlde
did from his center slyde,

And

And that the frames of heuen broke up
the gods adown wold fall,
And *Chaos* darke confused heape
wold shade and couer all.
The stream straue w̃ the wind, ẏ wynd
dyd beat it backe agayne,
The springyng sea within his bankes
can not it selfe contayne,
The ragyng showr hys tryllyng drops
doth myngle with the seas,
And yet in all this miserye
they fynd not so much eas,
To see and know what ill it is,
that worketh theyr decaye.
The darknes dim oppresseth styll
and kepes the lyght awaye:
The blacke facst nyght w̃ hellicke hew
was clad of stygian lake
And yet full oft with glimsyng beames
the sparklyng fyre out brake.
The cloud doth crack, and beyng rent
the lyghtnyng leapeth out,
The wretches lyke the same so well
it shinyng them about,
That still they wysh such light to haue.
(although god wot but ill)
The nauy swaying down it selfe
doth cast awaye, and spyll.

One

One syde with other syde is crackt,
and helme is rent with helme,
The shypp it selfe the gulpyng seas
do bedlong ouer whelme.
Erwhyle a grydie gapyng gulphe
doth sup it vp amayne,
Then by an by tost vp aloft
it spewes it out agayne,
She with her swaggyng full of sea
to bottom low doth sinke,
And drencheth depe asyde in floodes
her tottryng broken brynke.
That vnderneath a dosen waues
lay drowned out of syght,
Her broken plankes swym vp & down,
spoyld is her tacle quyght,
Both sayle and Ores clean are lost,
the mayn mast cake is gon.
That wonted was to beare vpryght
the sayle yard therupon,
The tymber and the broken bordes
lye on the waters brym,
When cold & shiueryng feare in vs
doth stryke through euery lym,
The wysest wytts entocksycate
dare nothyng enterpryse,
And conning practise nought auayles,
When fearfull stormes aryse,

The

The mareners lettyng duttie slyppe
stand staryng al agast,
Theyr scooppyng ozes sodainly
out of theyr handes are wrast.
To prayer then apace we fall,
when others hope is none,
The Grekes & Troyans to the Gods
alyke do make theyr mone.
Alack what succour of the fates
may we pooze wretches fynde?
Agaynst hys father *Pyrrhus* beares
a spytefull cancred mynde,
At *Aiax* grudge *Vlysses* doth,
kynge *Menela* doth hate
Great *Hector*: *Agamemnon* is
with *Priam* at debate.
O happy man is he, that doth
lye slaine in Troyan ground,
And hath deserued by handy stroke,
to take hys fatall wounde,
Whom fame preserueth, taking by
hys tombe in conquered land.
Whose momes whose melting cowards
durst neuer take in hand, (hart
Or enterprise no noble acte,
those force of floods shall drowne,
But fate forbearyng long, will take
stoute brutes of hyghe renoume,

Full well we may ashamed be,
in such a sorte to dye,
If any man hys spytefull mynd
yet can not satysfie,
with these outragious plũging plages
That downe from gods are sent,
Appeace at length thy wrathfull god
agayne, and eke relent.
Euen Troy for pitie wold haue wept,
to see our wofull case,
But if that in thy boyling brest
black rancour styll haue place,
And that the Grekes to ruin run,
it be thy purpose bent,
Why do these Troyans go to wrack?
for whom thus are we spent?
Asswage the rygour of the sea
that threatnyng hyls vp reares:
This drenched fleete the Troyan folke
and Grekes together beares.
Then from theyr prayers ar they put,
theyr foultryng tonges do stay,
the roring seas doth drown their voyce
and cares their cries awaye.
Then myghty *Pallas* armed with
the leppyng lyghtning fyre,
That testy *Ioue* doth vse to hurle
prouoke to swellyng ire,

With threatning Iauelin in her hand,
her prowes meanes to trye,
And eke her force whose boyling breast
with *Gorgons* fyts doth frye,
Or what with target she can do,
and with her fathers fyre.
Then from the skyes another storme
begynnes abrode to spyre,
But *Aiax* nothyng yet dysmayd
all force withstandeth stout,
whō when he spred his swelling sailes
with cable stretched out,
She lyghtyng downe did wryng hym
& wrapt him in her flame, (hard,
And flange another flaschyng dint
of lyghtnyng on the same,
With all her force and violence
her hand brought back agayne,
She tost hym out, as late that feate
her father tought her playne.
Both ouer *Aiax* and hys ſèup
she flyeth ouerthwart,
And rentyng man and shyp, of both
she beares away a parte,
Hys corage nought abated yet
he al to syngde doth seme,
Euen lyke a stubberne ragged rock
amid the striuing streame,

He traynes along the roaryng seas
and eke the waltryng waue
By shouyng on hys bourly brest
in sonder quyte he draue,
The Barke with hand he caught, & on
it selfe dyd type it ouer,
Yet *Aiax* shyneth in the flood
which darknes blynd doth couer.
At length attaynyng to a rock
hys thundryng crakes were thes,
I conquered haue the force of fyre
and rage of fyghtyng seas,
It doth me good, to mayster thus
the anger of the skye,
with *Pallas* wrath, the lightnyng flames
and floods tumultyng hye.
The terrour of the warlyck god
once could not make me flye,
The force of *Mars* and *Hector* both
at once sustaynd haue I.
Nor *Phœbus* dartes could me cõstrayne,
from hym one foote to shoon,
All these besyde the *Phrygians*
subdued we haue, and woon:
when other Pecocks slings his dartes
shall I not them withstand?
Yea, what if *Phœbus* came him selfe,
to pytche them with hys hand?

When

When in hys melancholy moode
He boasted without meane.
Then father *Neptune* lyft hys head
aboue the waters cleane.
The beaten rocke with forked mace
he vndermynyng pluckte
From bottom loose, & suncke it doune,
when doune hym selfe he duckte.
Theare *Aiax* lay, by land, by fyre,
and stormе of seas destroyd,
But we by sufferyng shypwrack, are
with greater plagues anoyd.
A subtyle shallow flood thear is
flowne on a stony shold,
Where crafty *Caphar* out of syght
the lurkyng rocks doth hould,
Vppon whose sharpe and ragged tops
the swellyng tide doth flow,
The boylyng waues do beat theron
styll swealing to and fro:
A turret noddyng ouer it
doth hange with failyng swaye,
From whence on either side frō height
prospect espye we maye
Two seas: and on thys hand the coast
where *Pelops* ons did reygne,
And *Istmus* stood in narrow creeke,
reculyng back agayne,

Doth stop *Ionian* sea, lest in
to *Hellespont* it run,
On thother part is *Lemnon* flood
that fame by bloodshed woon.
On thother syde *Calcedon* towne
doth stand agaynst thys forte,
And *Aulis* Ile that stayd our shyps
that thyther dyd resorte.
Thys Castell here inhabyte doth
our *Palimedes* lier,
Whose cursed hand held in the top
a brand of flamyng fier,
That dyd allure oure fleete, to turne
on lurkyng rocks a ryght,
Entysyng them with wily blase
to come vnto the lyght.
All into fitters shaken are
the vessels on the thold,
But other some do swym, and some
vppon the rocks are roulde.
And other slyppyng back agayne
so to eschew the rocks,
Hys brused ribbes and ratlyng sydes
agaynst ech other knocks,
Whereby the other he doth breake,
and broken is hym selfe,
Then wolde they launce into the deepe,
for now they dread the shelfe,

Thys

Thys peck of troubles chaunct to hap
in dawning of the daye.
But when the Gods (besought of vs)
began the rage to staye,
And *Phœbus* golden beames began
a fresh to render lyght,
The dolfull day dyscryed all
the domage done by nyght.
O whether may I now lament,
and wepe with waylyng sad, *Cly.*
Or shall I els in that my spous
returned is be glad?
I do reioyce, and yet I am
compelled to bewayle
My countreys great calamytie
that doth the same assayle.
O father great whose maiestye
doth thundryng septers shake,
The lowryng Gods vnto the Grekes
now fauourable make,
With garlands greene let euerye head
reioysyng now be crownd.
Lo to thee the pype in sacryfice
melodiously doth sound,
And on thyne alter lyeth slayne
an Heyfer dyly whyte,
Before the same do present stand
with hangyng lockes vndyght,

A carefull Troyan companye
in heuy wofull plyght,
On whom frō heygh the Lawrell tree
with spredding branche doth shyne,
Whose vertue hath inspired them
with *Phœbus* grace diuine,

Chorus. *Cassandra.*

ALas the cruell stynge of loue
how swetely doth it tasse,
A myserye to mortall man
annext whyle lyfe doth last?
The path of myscheife for to flye,
now syth there is a gap,
And wretched soules be frankly calde
from euery wofull hap
By death, a pleasant port, for aye
in rest them selues to shroude,
Where dredfull tumultes neuer dwell
nor stormes of fortune proude:
Nor yet the burning fyry flakes
of *Ioue* the same doth doubt,
whē wrongfully with twacking thūpes
he rappes hys thunder out:
Hear lady peace thinhabitours
doth neuer put in flyght,
Nor yet the victors threatnyng wrath
approchyng nygh to fyght,

No whyrling weſtern wynd doth dryge
the rampyng ſeas to prraunce,
No duſtye cloud that rayſed is
by ſauage Dimilaunce,
On horſeback riding rancke by ranck,
no ferſe and cruell hoſt,
No people ſlaughtred, w̄ their townes
clean topſie turuey toſt:
Whyle that the foe with flamyng fyre
doth ſpoyle and waſt the wall,
Untamed and vnbridled *Mars*
deſtroys and batters all:
That man alone who forceth not
the ficle fates a ſtrawe,
The vylage grym of *Acheront*
whoſe eyes yet neuer ſawe,
Who neuer bewd with heauy cheare
the vgſome Limbo lake,
And puttynge lyfe in haſarde dare
to death hym ſelfe betake.
That parſon is a prynces peare,
and lyke the gods in myght,
Who knoweth not what death dothe mean
is in a pitious plight
The ruthfull ruin of our na-
tyue countrey we beheld:
That woful nyght, in which the rooſes
of howſes ouerqueld,

In *Dardans* Cytie blasing bryght
with flasshyng fiery flames.
When as the Grekes w burning brands
enkindle did the frames,
That Troy who war & dedes of armes
myght not subdue and take,
As ons did mighty *Hercules*,
whose quyuer causde it quake,
Which neither he that *Peleus* sonne,
and sonne to *Thetis* was,
Nor whom *Achilles* loued so wel,
could euer brynge to passe,
When glyteryng bright in fild he ware
false armour on hys back,
And counterfayting fearse *Achill*
the Troyans braue to wrack.
Nor when *Achilles* he hym selfe
hys mynd from sorow wrast,
And Troyan women to the walles
dyd scuddyng leape in hast.
In myserie she lost her proud
estate, and last renoume,
By being stoutly ouercome,
and hardly pulled downe.
Yeares fyue & fyue dyd Troy resiste,
that yet hereafter must,
In one nyghts space by destenie
be layed in the dust.

Theyr

Theyr fained giftes well haue we tryd
that huge and fatall gin:
Wele lyght of credit with our own
ryght hand haue haled in,
That fatall gyft of Grekes: what tyme
at entrye of the gap
The hugye hors did shyuering stand,
wher in them selues did wrap
The captaynes close, in holow vaultes
with bloody war yfreight.
When lawfully we myght haue tryde,
and serched theyr deceight:
So by theyr owne contryued snares
the grekes had byn confound:
The brasen buclers being shoke
did gyue a clattryng sound.
A pryuie whysperyng often tymes
came tyckling in our ear.
And *Pyrrhus* (in a murreynes name
so redye for to heare.
The craftye councell picked out
of false *Vlisses* brayne,)
Did iangle in the holow vaultes,
that rang therof agayne.
But fearyng and suspectyng nought
the heedy youth of Troy
Layd handes vpon the sacred ropes,
to hale and pull with ioye.

On this syde young *Astyanax*
came garded with his trayne,
On thother part *Pollixena*
disponsed to be slayne
Upoon *Achilles* tombe, she coms
with maydes, and he with men,
A ioly flocke with equall yeares
as young as they were then.
Theyr vowd oblations to the gods
in holyday attyre,
The matrons bryng and so to churche
repayreth euery syre.
And all the cytie did alyke,
yea *Hecuba* our queene
(That synce the woefull *Hectors* death
or now was neuer seene)
She mery is: o greke accurst,
at all thy sorowes depe
For which that syrst, or last befell,
entendest thou to wepe?
Our battred walls which heuenly han-
erected haue and framd? (des
Or els the burnyng temples which
vpon their Idolls flamd?
Lamentyng these calamyties
we haue not tyme and space,
O myghtye parent *Priam* we
poore Troyans wayle thy face.

The

The old mans thratlyng throt I sawe,
(alas) I saw yborde
With cruell *Pirrhus* blade, that scante
with any blood was gord.
¶ Refrayne your teares ẏ down your *Cass.*
should tricle euermore (chekes
Wyth wofull waylynges piteously
your pryuate frendes deplore
My myseries refuse a mate,
so much accurst as I:
To rewe my carefull case, refrayn
your lamentable crye.
As for myne owne distresse to murne,
I shall suffyce alone.
¶ To mingle teares w̃ other teares *Cho.*
it doth vs good to mone:
In those the burnyng teary streames
more ardently do boyle,
Whō secret thoughts of lurking cares
in pryuy brest turmoyle:
Though that thou were a gossop stout,
that brooke much sorow may
I warraunt the, thou myghtest well,
lament this sore decay.
Not sad and solemne *Aedon*
that in the woodes doth synge
Her sugred ditties fynelye tunde
on sweete and pleasaunt stryng:

And

Recordyng itys wofull hap
in dyuers kynde of note,
whom *Progne* though he were her chyld
and of her wombe begot,
For to reuenge his fathers fault,
she did not spare to kyll:
And gaue his flesh and blood for food
the fathers maw to fyll.
For *Progne* whs in swallows shape
vpon the rydges hye,
Of houses sitts in *Biston* town
bewaylyng peteously,
With chatteryng throte, of *Tereus*
her spouse the cruell act,
(Who did by strength & force of arms
a shamfull bructyshe fact.
Dekyle the syster of his wyfe,
faire *Philomel* by name,
And eake cut out her tonge, least shee
should blab it to his shame)
Though *Progne* this her husbandes rape
lamentyng very sore
Do waile, and wepe w̄ piteous plaint,
yet can she not deplore
Sufficientlye, though that she would
our contreys petions plyght:
Though he him selfe among the swans
syr *Cygnus* lyllye whight.

That

who dwelles in ſtreame of *Iſter* flood,
and *Tanais* channell could,
His weping voyce moſt erneſtlye
though vtter out he would:
Although the mornyng *Halcyons*
with dolefull ſyghes do wayle,
At ſuch tyme as the ſyghtyng floodes
their *Cyex* did aſſayle,
Or rathly weryng would attempt
the ſeas now layd at reſt,
Or beyng verye feareſull fede
their broode in tottryng neſt,
Although as ſqeimyſh harted men
thoſe preiſtes in bedlem rage,
Whom mother Cyble beyng borne
on hyghe in lofty ſtage,
Doth moue, to play on ſhalmes, *Atys*
the *Phrygian* to lament,
Yet can not they this lot bewayle,
though brawn frō armes they rent.
Caſſandra in our teares ther is,
no meſure to refrayne,
Thoſe miſeryes all meſure paſte,
that plunged vs in payne.
The ſacred fillets from thy heds,
why doeſt thou hale and pull?
They chyldye ought to worſhyp god,
whoſe hartes with greſe be dull.

My

Caſſ. Thy feare by this affyction
is cleane abated al,
Nor prayeng to the heauenly ghoſtes
for mercye will I call.
Although they wer diſpoſd to chafe
and fret in fuſtien fumes:
They nothyng haue me to diſpleaſe,
fortune her force conſumes.
Her ſpyte is worne vnto the ſtumpes,
what contrey haue I lefte?
Wher is my fyre? am I of all
my ſyſters quyt bereft.
The ſacred tombes and alter ſtones
our blood haue dronke and ſwyld,
Where are my brethrne bleſſed knot?
deſtroyed in the fylde.
All wyddow wyues of *Priams* ſonnes
may eaſly now behould,
The pallace voyd and caſtof court
of fyllye *Priam* ould.
And by ſo manye marriages
ſo many wyddows ar,
But onlye *Hellen* commyng from
the coaſt of *Lacon* far.
That *Hecuba* the mother of
ſo many a pryncelye wyght,
Whoſe frutful womb did breed y brand,
of fyer blaſyng bryght:

Who

Who also bare the swinge in Troy,
by practis now doth learne,
New lawes and guyse of destynie
in bondage to discerne.
On her she taketh hart of grace
with lookes so sterne and wylde,
And barketh as a bedlem bitche
aboute her strangled chyld
Dear *Polidor*, the remnaunt left,
and onely hope of Troy,
Hector and *Priam* to reuenge,
and to restore her toy.
¶ The sacred *Phœbus* prophet is *Cho.*
with sodaine sylence husht:
A quakyng tremblyng shiuerying fear
throughout her lymbs hath rusht:
Her face as pale as alshes is,
her fillits stand vpryght,
The soft and gentle goldilocks
starte vp of her affrigyt.
Her panting breathing brest sturt vp
within doth grunt and grone.
Her glaring bryght and steaming eies
are hether and thyther throwne.
Now glaũcyng vp & downe they roll:
now standyng styffe they stare.
She stretcheth vp her head more streight
then commenly she bare,

Bolt vp she goes, her wrastling iawes
that fast together clinge,
She doth attempt by dyuers meanes,
on sonder how to wringe.
Her mõbling words in gabling mouth
shut vp she doth asswage,
As *Menas* mad that *Bacchus* ares
doth serue in furious rage.

Cass. How doth it hap (o sacred tops
of hyghe *Parnassus* hyll)
That me berapt of sens, with pricks
of fury fresh ye fill?
Why do you me with ghost inspyre,
that am besyde my wits?
O *Phœbus* none of thyne I am,
releas me from the fyts:
Infired in my burnyng brestes
the flames extinguysh out,
Who forceth me with fury fell
to gad and trot about?
Or for whose sake inspird with spryte
mad momblyng make must I?
Why play I now the prophet cald,
syth Troy in dust doth lye?
The day doth shrinke for dread of war,
the nyght doth dym myne eyes.
With mantell black of darknes depe
cleane couerd is the skyes:

But

But loe two shynyng Sunnes at once
in heauen appereth bryght,
Two Grecian howses muster do
their armies twaine to fyght.
Amonge the myghty Goddesis
in *Ida* woods I see,
The fatall shepherd in hys throne
as vmpier plast to bee:
I do aduise you to beware,
beware (I say) of kynges,
(A kyndred in whose cancred hartes
olde pryuy grudges sprynges)
That cuntrey clowne *Aegisthus* he
this stock shall ouerthrowe,
What doth this salish despret dame
her naked wepons showe?
Whose crowne entendeth she to crack
in weede of *Lacon* lande,
With hatchet (by the *Amazons*
inuented fyrst) in hand?
What face of myghty maiestie
bewitched hath myne eyes?
The conquerour of saluage beastes
Yarmarsick Lyon lyes,
Whose noble necke is wurried
with currysh fange and tooth
The churlysh snappes of eger Li-
oneste abyde he dooth.

Alac ye goſſes of all my frendes
why ſhould ye ſay that I,
Among the reſt am onlye ſafe,
from perils far to lye?
Fayne father folow thee I wold,
Troy beyng layd in duſt:
O brother terrour of the Grekes,
O Troyans ayd and truſt.
Our auncient pomp I do not ſee,
nor yet thy warmed handes,
(That fierce on grekiſh flaminge flete
dyd flyng the fyry brandes)
But mãgled mẽbers, ſchorched corps,
and cake thy valyant armes,
Harde pinioñd and bound in bandes
ſuſtaynyng greuous harmes:
O Troylus, a match vnfit
encounteryng with *Achill*
(That myghtye man of armes) to ſone
com vnto the I wyll.
I do delyght, to ſayle with them
on ſtynkyng *Stygian* flood.
To vew the churliſhe maſtyfe cur
of hell, it doth me good.
And gapingmouthed kyngdome darke
of gredy *Ditis* raygne.
The barge of fylthy *Phlegethon*
this day ſhall entertayne,

Ye

Ye conquerynge, and conquered,
and prynces soules with all.
You flyteryng shades I you beseche,
and eake on the I call,
O *Stygian* poole (wheron the gods
theyr solemne othes do take
Unbolt a whyle the brasen bars
of darksom lymbo lake.
Wherby the *Phrygian* folke in hell
may *Micean* state be holde.
Loke vp ye sellye wretched soules,
the fates ar backward roulde.
The sqallye sisters do approch,
and deal thier bloodye strokes,
Their smultring faggots in their hãds
halfe burnt to asshes smokes.
Their visages so pale do burne,
with fyrye flamyng eyes:
A garment blacke theyr gnawed gutts
doth gyrde in morning guyse.
Dire dred of night begins to howle,
the bones of bodye vast
With lieng long do rot corrupt
in myrie puble cast.
Behold, the werye aged man
his burnyng thurst forgot,
The waters dalyeng at his lypps
to catche endeuors not:

But murneth for the funerall,
that shall ensue anon.
The Troyan prince hys royall robes
tryumphant putteth on.
Cho. ¶ The furious rage clean ouerpast
begyns it selfe to slake,
And slyps away, euen as a Bull
that deadly wounde doth take
On gashed neck afront the ares:
come let vs ease at last
Her lymbes, that of the spryte of god
hath felt the myghty blast.
Returning home agayne at lengthe
and cround with Lawrell bow
(A sygne of worthy victorye)
is *Agamemnon* now.
The wyfe to mete her husband, doth
her spedy passage plye,
Returning hand in hand, and fote
by fote most louingly.

¶ The.iiii. Acte.

Agamemnon. *Cassandra.*

AT lengthe I do arryue agayne
vppon my natyue soyle:
God saue the o dear loued land,
to thee so huge a spoyle

So

So many barbarous people yelde:
the flowre of *Asia* Troy
To beare thy yoke submyts her selfe,
that longe did lyue in ioye.
Why doth thys prophet (on the groũd
her sprawling body layd)
Thus rele and stagger on her neck,
all tremblynge and dismaide?
Sirs, take her vp, with lycour warme
let her be cherysshed.
Now peepes she vp agayn, wᵗ drouping
eyes sonke in her head:
Pluck vp thy spyrite, here is the porte
wisht for in myserye:
This day is festiuall. *Cass.* At Troy
so was it wont to be.
Aga. Let vs to Thalters worshyp gyue.
Cass. At Thalters dyed my syer:
Aga. Pray we to *Ioue*. *Cass.* To *Ioue* whose (grace
diuine doth me inspire?
Aga. Dost thou suppose that Troy ỹ seist?
Cass. And *Priam* eke I see.
Aga. Troy is not here. *Ca.* Whyer *Helen* is
there take I Troy to bee.
Aga. Fear not as maid to serue thy dame.
Cass. May froome drayweth nye.
Aga. Take thou no thought how ỹ shalt liue:
Cass. All cares for to defye.

Death gyues a corage vnto me.

Aga. ¶ Yet say I once agayne
There is no daunger left, wherby
thou myghtest hurte sustaine.

Cass. ¶ But yet much troublous daũger doth
hang ouer thy head I wot.

Aga. ¶ What mischeife may a victor dread?

Cass. ¶ Euen that he dreadeth not.

Aga. ¶ Ye trusty meny of my men
come cary her away,
Tyll of the spryte she ryd her selfe,
lest fury force her say
That may be prejudicall,
her tonge she can not frame.
To thee o father slyngyng furth
the lyghtninges flasshing flame,
That dost disperse the cloudes, & rule
the course of euery starre,
And guide the Globe of earth, to whom
the booties woon by warre
With tryumphe victors dedicate:
to thee o *Iuno* hyght
The syster deare of doughty *Ioue*,
(thy husband full of myht)
Both I and Greece with flesh & blood
and eke our vowed beast
And gorgyous gyftes of Arabie
gyue woo, shyp to thy hest.

Chorus.

O *Greece* by noble Gentlemen
in honour shyning clear,
O *Greece* to wrathfull *Iuno* thou
that art the darlyng dear,
Some holy worthy lusty blood
thou fosters euermore,
Thou hast made euen the gods, ẏ were
a number od before.
That puyssant myghtie *Hercules*
a noble impe of thine
Deserued by hys trauels twelue,
rapt vp in heauen to shyne.
For whom the heauens did alter cours,
and *Iupiter* with all
Did iterate the howres of nyght,
when dampish dewe doth fall.
And charged *Phœbus* charyot swyfte,
to trot with slower pace,
And leasurely bryght lady moone
thy homward wayne to trace,
Bryght *Lucifer* that yeare by yeare
hys name a newe doth chaunge,
Came back againe, to whom the name
of *Hesper* seemed straunge.

Aurora to her common course
her reared head addreſt,
And cowchyng backward down agayn
the ſame ſhe did areſt,
Vppon the ſhoulder of her ſpouſe,
whoſe yeares with age are worne
The eaſt did fele, ſo felt the weſt,
that *Hercules* was borne.
Dame nature could not clean diſpatch,
to vtter in one nyght,
That boyſtous lad: the whyrling world
did waygh for ſuch a wyght.
O babe whoſe ſholders vnderprop,
the ample ſpacious ſkye,
In claſped armes thy prowes dyd
the cruſhed Lion trye.
Who from his fyrye yawnyng throte
ſpewes out his broyling brande,
The nimble hynd in Menall mount
hath knowen thy heauy hand.
The Boze hath felt thy fyſt, which did
Arcadia deſtroye.
The monſtrous conquerd Bul hath rord
that *Creta* did anoye.
The Dragon dire that bredyng beaſt
in *Lerna* poole he ſlew,
And choppyng of one head forhand
therof to ryſe anewe.

With ſith

Wtsh cloobbed brusyng battring batte
he cranckly did subdew.
(The bretherne twins ẏ tewd on teat)
wherof .iii. monsters grew.
Of tryple formed *Gerion*
the spoyle into the east,
A droue of cattell *Hercules*
dyd fetch out of the west.
Away from tyrant *Diomede*
the *Thracian* hors he led
Which nether with the grasse that grew
by *Styrmon* flood he fed,
Nor yet on *Heber* bankes, but them
the vyllayn dyd refresh
His gredy mounching cramming iades
with aliantes blood and flesh.
Their rawfed iawes imbrewd wer with
the carmans blood at last,
The spoyles and shaftes *Hipolyte*
saw from her bosom wrast
As sone as he with clatryng shaft
the duskye cloud did smyte,
The *Stymphal* byrd that shadowed
the sun, did take her flyght.
The fertyll tree that aples beares
of gould, did feare him sore,
Which neuer yet acquayntaunce had
with tasters toth before.

But

But whipping vp wt lyuely twygges
into the ayre she flyes,
And while the chinking plate doth soũd
then *Argos* full of eyes,
The watchman shrinking close for cold
that slepe yet neuer knew,
Doth here the noyse while *Hercules*
with mettall of yellow hew
Wel loden packs away, and lefte
the grouc beslyched cleane.
The hound of hell dyd holde his tonge
drawne vp in triple cheane,
Nor barkt with any boughing throte,
nor could abyde the hewe,
Or colour of the heauenly lyght,
whose beames he neuer knew.
When thou wert captayne generall,
and didst conducte our Hoste,
(They that) of *Dardans* lygne, to come
theyr stock do falsly boast,
Were banquished by force of armes
and since they felt agayne
thy gray goose winge, whose bitternes
to feare myght them constraine.

¶ The

¶ The.v. Acte.

Cassandra.

WIthin a reuell rexe is kept,
as sore as euer was
Euē at ye.x. yeres seige of *Troy*:
What thing is this? (alas)
Get vp my soule, and of the rage
auengment worthy craue:
Though *Phrygians* we be vanquyshed,
the victorie we haue.
The matter well is brought abought:
vp Troy thou rysest now,
Thou flat on floore haste pulde downe
to lye as low as thou. (Grece,
Thy conqerour doth turne hys face:
my propheseing spryght
Did neuer yet disclose to me
so notable a syght:
I see the same, and am thearat,
and busyed in the broyle,
No vision fond fantasticall
my senses doth beguile:
Such fare as *Phrygians* feasted with
on last vnhappy nyght
At *Agamemnons* royall court
full dayntyly they dight:

With

With purple hangings al aound
the brodzed beds do shyne,
In olde Assaracks goblets gylt
they swinch and swill the wyne.
The kinge in gorgyous royall robes
on chayre of state doth syt,
And pranckt with pride of *Priams* pomp
of whom he conquerd it.
But of this hostile wede, to hym
(the queene his wyfe gan saye)
And of thy louyng lady wrought
weare rather thys araye,
This garmẽt knit. It makes me lothe,
that shiuering here I stand.
O shall a kynge be murthered, by
a banysht wretches hand?
Out, shall Thadulterer destroy
the husbande of the wyfe?
The dreadfull destynies approcht,
the foode that last in lyfe
He tasted of before hys death,
theyr maysters blood shall see,
The gubs of blood downe dropping on
the wynd shall powred bee.
By traytrous tryck of trapping wede
hys death is brought aboute,
Which being put vppon his head
his handes could not get out,

The

The ſtopped poake with mouth ſet ope
hys muffled head doth hyde,
The mankynd dame wᵒ trembling hand
the ſwerde drew from her ſyde,
Nor to the vtmoſt of her myght
it in hys fleſh ſhe thraſt,
But in the giuing of the ſtroke
ſhe ſtayed all agaſt,
Ye as it were a bryſtled Boze
entangled in the net
Among the brears in buſhy woods
yet ſtryeth out to get.
wᵒ ſtrugling much the ſhrinking bands
moze ſtreyghtly he doth bynd.
Ye ſtryues in vayne, and wold ſlip of
the ſnare that doth hym blynd.
Which catcheth hold on euery ſyde.
but yet thentangled wreatch
Doth grope aboute, hys ſubtle foes
with gryppyng hand to catche.
But furious *Tyndaris* prepard
the pollar in her hande,
And as the preyſt to ſacryfyce
at Thalter ſyde doth ſtande,
And bewes with eie the bullocks neck,
ear that with axe he ſmyte,
So to and fro ſhe heaues her hand
to ſtryke and leuell right.

Ye

He hath the stroke: dispatcht it is:
not quyte chopt of the hed
It hangeth by a lytle crop:
here from the carkas ded
The spoutyng blood cam gusshing out:
and there the head doth lye,
With waloing bobling mũbling tong:
noz they do by and bye
Forsake him so: the bzeathles coazs
Aegist doth all to coyle:
And mangled hath the gashed cozpes:
whyle thus he doth him spoyle,
She putteth to her helpyng hand:
by detestable dede
They both accozd vnto the kynd,
whereof they do pzoceade.
Wame *Helens* syster ryght shee is,
and he *Thyestes* sonne:
Lo doutfull *Titan* standeth styll
the day now being don,
Not knowyng whether best to kepe
styll on his wonted waye
Oz turne his wheles vnto the path
of dyze *Thiestes* daye.

The

¶ *Electra*

O Thou whom of our fathers death
the onely helpe we haue,
Fly, fly, frō force of furious foes,
make haſt my ſelfe to ſaue:
Our houſe is topſey turuey toſt,
our ſtocke is caſt away,
Our ruthfull realmes to ruin ronne,
our kyngdomes do decaye.
Who cometh here in Chariot ſwyft
this gallopyng a mayne?
Brother, dyſguyſed in thy wede
let me thy perſon fayne.
O buſſard blynde what doſt thou mean
from forayn folke to flye?
Whom doſt thou ſhun? it doth behoue
to feare thys famylie.
Oreſtes now be bould, and ſet
all ſhinering fear a ſyde,
The certayne ſuccour of a truſtye
freinde I haue eſpyde.

¶ The.v. Acte. The.iii. Scean.

Strophilus. *Electra.*

WIth solemne pompe I *Strophilus*
forsakyng *Phocis* lande,
Bearing a brauche of palme, ẏ growes
at *Elis* in my hand,
Returned back I am, the cause
that wyld me hether wend,
Is with these gyftes to gratefie
and welcome home my freynd,
Whose valyent armie skalde, & shooke
the tattryd Troyan walles,
Who weryed with the ten years war
now flat on flooze she falles.
What wofull wight is this that staines
her mourning face with teares,
And drouned depe in drousy dumpes
oppzessed is with feares?
I know full well thys damsell is
of pzynces lynage borne.
What cause *Electra* hath thys joy-
full familie to mourne?
Elec. ¶ By treason that mi mother wrought
my father lyeth slayne,
And drinkyng of their fathers cup
the chyldzen do complayne.

Aegis

Aegist engroceth Caſtels got
by fornication.
¶Alack that of ſo longe a tyme, *Stro.*
fylicitie is none.
¶I thee requeſt euen for the loue *Elec.*
my father thou doeſt owe,
And for the honour of the crowne,
whoſe bryte abrode doth growe
In euery coaſt: and by the gods
that dyuerſly do deal,
Take into thy tuicion,
conuey away, and ſteal,
Thys poore *Oreſt*: ſuch kynd of theft
is pietie indede.
¶Although that *Agamemnons* death *Stro.*
doth teache me to take hede,
Yet will I vndertake the ſame,
and with all diligence
Oreſtes ſhall I go aboute
with ſtrengthe to haue thee hence.
Proſperytie requyreth fayth,
but troble exacts the ſame,
Haue here a pryce for thoſe that do
contende and wage in game.
An ornament with comely grace
ordaynd to deck the brow,
And let thy head be couerde with
thys greene and pleaſaunt bow.

And cary thys victorious
triumphant braunche in hand.
God graunt this palme ẏ planted was
in fertill *Pisa* land,
(where solemne games wer celebrate
Ioues honour to erpresse)
May both a sauegard be to to thee
and bringe thee good successe.
Thou that bestryds thy fathers steeds,
as he before hath done,
Go stryke a league of amytie
with *Pylades* my sonne.
Now nimble nagges let Grece hereof
recordyng testifye,
With headlong scouring cours amain
this traytrous contrey flye.

Elec. The is escapt and gone, and with
vnmesurable myght
The Chariot horse with rayne at will
do scud out of my syght.
Now free from peryll on my foes
attendance will I make.
And offer willingly my head
the deadly wound to take.
The cruell conqueresse of her spouse
is come, whose spotted wede
With sprynkels (signe of slaughter) do
beare record of her dede.

Her

Her gory handes new bathed in blood
as yet they be not drye,
Her rough & churlish rigorous lookes
the facte do notyfye.
Unto the temple will I trudge.
Cassandra suffer mee,
Oppreſt with egall greefe, take parte
of sacryfyce wyth thee.

¶ The.v. Acte. The.iiii, Sceane.

Clytemnestra. Electra. Aegisthus. Cassandra.

O Thou thy mothers enimie,
vngracious saucy face,
After what sorte dost thou a maid
appere in publyque place?
¶ I haue with my vyrgynitie *Elec.*
the bowres of baudes forsoke.
¶ What man is hee, that euer thee *Cly.*
to be a vyrgyn tooke?
¶ what your own doughter? *Cl* ¶ wt thy *Elect.*
more modest shuld ÿ be. (mother
¶ Do you at length begyn to preache, *Elec.*
such godlynes to me.

Cly. ¶ A manly stomake stout thou hast
wyth swellyng hawtye hart.
Subdued with sorow learne thou shall
to playe a womens part.
Elect. ¶ A sword and buckler verye well
a woman doth beseme
(Except I dote) *Cly:* ¶ Thy selfe doest thy
hayleselow with vs esteme?
Elec. ¶ What *Agamemnon* new is this,
whom thou hast got of late?
Cly. ¶ Hereafter shall I tame, and teach
thy gyrlyh tong to prate.
And make the know, how to a queene
thy tauntyng to forbeare.
Elec ¶ The whylst (ỹ widdowe) answer me
directly to this geare.
Thy husband is berefte quyght
of breath, his lyfe is don.
Cly. ¶ Enquier wher thy brother is,
to seke about my son.
Elect. ¶ He is departed out of Greece.
Cly. ¶ Go fetch him out of hand.
Elect. ¶ Fetche thou my father vnto me.
Cly. ¶ Gyue me to vnderstand,
Where doth he lurking hyde his head?
where is he shrunk awaye?
Elect. ¶ All plonge of perills past he is,
and at a quyet staye.

And

And in another kyngdom where
no harme he doth mistrust,
This aunswers were sufficient,
to please a parent iust.
But one whose brest doth boil in wrath,
it cannot satesfye.
¶ To daye by death thou shalt receiue Cly.
thy fatall destynye.
¶ On this condicion am I pleasd, Elect.
the Alter to forsake,
If that this hande shall do the dead,
my death when I shall take.
Or els if in my throte to bathe
thy blade, thou do delyght,
Most willynglye I yeld my throte,
and gyue the leue to smyte.
Or if thou wyll chop of my head
in brutysh beastly guyse,
My necke a waytyng for the wound
out stretched redye lies.
Thou hast committed syntully
a great and greuous gaylt.
Go purge thy hardned handes, ỹ which
thy husbandes blood hane spilt.
¶ O thou that of my perylls all Cly.
doest suffer part wyth me,
And in my realme doest also rule
with egall dignitie,

Aegisthus art thou glad at this?
(as doth her not behoue,)
With checks & taunts ỹ doughter doth
her mothers mallyce moue.
She kepes her brothers counsell close
Conueyd out of the waye.

Aegist. THou malipert and witles wench
thyne elnysh prating staye,
Refrayne those words vnfytt thy mothers glowing ears to ber.

Elect. WHat shall the breder of this broyle
controll me with his checkes,
Whose fathers gilt hath caused him
to haue a doubtfull name,
Who both is to his syster sonne,
and nephew to the same?

Cly. TO snapp her head of with thy swerd
Aegist doest thou refrayne?
Let her gyue vp the ghost: or bryng
Her brother straycht agayne:
Let her be lockt in dungeon darke,
and let her spend her dayes,
In Caues & Rocks, w̃ painefull pangs,
torment her euerye wayes.
I hope him whom she hidden hath,
she will agayne discrye,
Through being clapt in pryson strong
and suffring pouertye

With

With earkſom and vnſauory ſmells
on euery ſyde annoyde,
Enforſt to weare a widdowes wede,
er weddinge day enioyde:
Put in exile and banyſhment
when eche man doth her hate:
So ſhall ſhe be by myſerye
compeld to yeld to late,
Prohibyted of holſom ayr
fruition to haue.
¶ Graūt me mi doome bi means of death *Elec.*
to paſſe vnto my graue.
¶ I would haue graunted it to the, *Cly.*
if thou ſhould it denye.
Unſkilfull is the tyrant, who
by ſuffryng wretches dye:
Doth end their pains. *Ele.* ¶ what after
doth any thing remayne? death
¶ And if thou do deſyre to dye, *Cly.*
the ſame ſe you refrayne.
Lay hāds firs on this wōdrous wretch,
whom beyng caryed on,
Euen to the furtheſt corner of
my iuriſdiction
Far out beyond *Mycenas* land
in bondes let her be bound,
With darknes dym in hiddious hold
let her be cloſed round.

This captiue spous & wicked queane,
the trull of prynces bed
Shall pay her paynes, and suffer death
by losyng of her hed.
Com hale her on, that she may folowe,
that way my spouse is gon,
Whose loue from me entised was.
Cass. Do not thus hale me on.
I will before you take the waye,
these tydynges fyrste to tell
Unto my contrey men of *Troy*
beneath in lowest hell.
How ouerquelmed shypps eche where
ar spred the seas hppon,
And *Micæne* countrey conquerd is
brought in subiection.
Ye that of thousand captaynes was
graund captayn generall,
Com to as great calamytie
as Troy it selfe did fall,
Entrapped was by treaytrus trayn,
and whordom of his wife,
And by a gyft receaued of her
depriued of his life.
Let vs not linger: on with me,
and thankes I do you gyue.
I ioy, that it myght be my hap,
thus after Troy to lyue.

¶Go to, prepare thy selfe to dye thou frantyque ragyng wyght. *Cly.*
¶The fransy fyts of fury fell on you shall also lyght. *Cass.*

¶ *Eurybates.*
Added to the Tragedie by the Translatour.

ALas ye hatefull hellysh hagges
ye furies foule and fell,
Why cause ye rusty rancours rage
in noble hartes to dwell?
And cancred hate in boylynge brestes
to growe from age to age?
Could not the graūdsyres painful pāges
the chyldrens wrath asswage?
Nor kampyne faint of pynyng paunche,
with burnyng thurste of hell,
Amid the blackest stream of stykes
where poysnyng breathes do well.
Where vapors vyle parbrakyng out
from dampysh myry mud,
Encrease the paynes of *Tantalus*
preserued by gyltles blood.

Could

Could not thyne owne offence suffyce
Thyestes in thy lyfe,
To fyle thy brothers spousall bed,
and to abuse hys wyfe?
But after breath from body fled,
and lyfe thy lymbes hath left,
Can not remembraunce of reuenge
out of thy brest be reft?
What, yet hast thou not layd thy lyps,
to tast of *Lethes* flood?
Now after death why dost thou come
to moue thy sonne to blood?
Could cruell *Ditis* graunt to thee
thy pasporte back agayne?
To worke thys wo vpon the world,
and make such rygour reygne,
That *Clytemnestra* is become
the fyfty syster dire
Of *Danaus* doughters, that did once
theyr husbandes death conspyre.
Lo here how ficle fortune gyues
but brytle fading ioy.
Lo, he who late a Conquerour
tryumphed ouer Troy,
Enduring many sturdy stormes
with myghty toyle and payne
To sowe the seede of fame, hath reapt
small fruite therof againe.

When

When as hys honour budding furth
with flowre began to bloome,
(Alas) the ſtock was hewed downe
and ſent to deadly doome.
And they that of hys victorie
and commyng home were glad,
to ſodain murning change their mirth
with heaynes beſtad.
The luſty pompe of royall courte
is dead: (O dolfull day)
The people mone theyr prynces death
with wo and weal away:
with howling, crieng, wringing hands
with ſobs with ſyghes, and teares,
And wt their fiſts they beat their breſtes
they pull and hale theyr heares.
And as the ſhepe amaſed run,
and rampe aboute the fyeld,
When as theyr ſhepherd to the wolfe
hys gozy throte doth yeilde:
Euen ſo as mad they rage and raue
throughout *Micanas* land,
Depriued of theyr pryncs, they feare
the blooddy Tyrantes hand.
While thus were woful wailings hard
in euery place aboute,
The good *Caſſandra* (come from Troy)
to death is haled out.

Lyke

Like as the Swan, who when the time
of death approcheth nye.
By nature warned is therof,
and pleased well to dye,
Doth celebrate her funerall
with dirge and solemne songe:
Euen so the noble bygyn who
in wo hath lyued longe,
Most ioyfull goes she to her death
wyth mylde and pleasaunt face,
Stout bouldryng out her bourly brest
with pryncely port & grace.
Nothyng dysmaide with corage bolde,
and chearefull countenaunce,
On stage ordeyned for her death
she gan her selfe aduaunce,
As though she had not thyther come,
to leue her lothsome lyfe,
As though she had not come, to taste
the stroke of fatall knyfe.
But euen as if in brydale bed
her iurney were to meete
Corebus dear, not hauyng mynd
of death, nor wyndyng sheete,
When lookyng round on euery syde
she toke her leaue of all,
From vapourd eyes of yonge and old
the tryclyng teares do fall.

The

The Grekes them selues to greese ake
to see this heuy sight, (moued
So pytie peareth the headmans hart,
that thryse aboute to smyte
He staide the smot: wt shiuering hand
yet once agayne he tryed.
And frō her shoulders stroke her head.
and thus the dyzgyn dyed.
But nowe the Grekes another cause
of murnyng haue in hand:
Orestes Agamemnons sonne,
is forcst to flye the lande.
Amonge olde rotten ragged rocks
thear lyes an vgly place,
A dongeon depe, as darke as hell,
vnknowne to *Phœbus* face.
An holowe huge wyde gapyng hole,
with way styll bendyng downe,
whose mouth with venomous withzed
is hid & ouergrowne, (weedes
where stinking smels com belchyng out
from filthy durty dyke,
where verment vile do crepe & craule,
in hell is not the lyke.
Ilfauourd, foule myshapen bugges,
do lurke aboute thys caue,
With dzeadful sounds, & roryng noyse
within the pyt they raue.

Euen

Euen hether is *Electra* sent,
in darkenes depe to lye,
In pouertie, and comfortlesse
without the lyght of skye,
Fast clogd with iron boultes & chaines,
thus by her mother layd
In tormentes, tyll by her to death
Orestes be betrayde:
Who (as *Cassandra* telleth) shall
reuenge his fathers death,
Depryue with swerd thadulterour,
and mother both of breath.
So after all these bloody broyles,
Greece neuer shall be free:
But blood for blood, and death by turnes,
the after age shall see.

FINIS.

¶ Faultes escaped in printing.

Letter.	page.	Li.	
B.	6.	23.	for sytst read setst
B.	8.	13.	for I cannot read It cānot
B.	8.	25.	for now read vow
B.	14.	21.	for wresteth read wrastleth
E.	1.	6.	for others read other.

In B. the. 15. page, against the. 27, lygne in the margent, read *Nutrix*.

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